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The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

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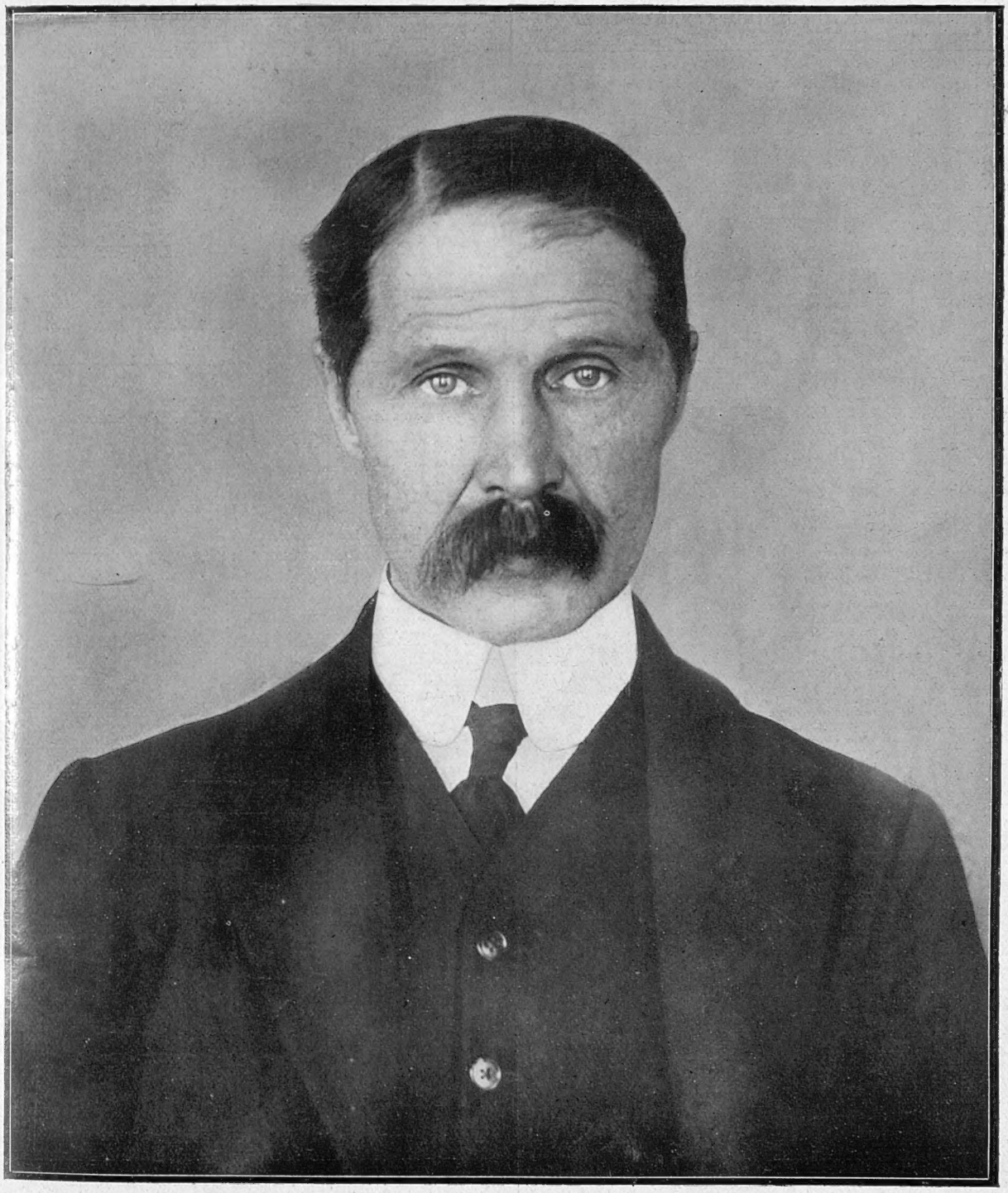

WILL HE LOSE THAT WORRIED LOOK?

Mr. Bonar Law, the not very happy-looking statesman who, appropriately enough, succeeds to the not very happy position of Conservative leader in place of Mr. Balfour (deposed). He, too, is a philosopher and—plays golf!

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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will be held at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, W., on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 21 and 22, to be opened at 2.30 p.m. each day; on Tuesday by

H.R.H. PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG

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THE COUNTESS OF MEATH.

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A large attendance is earnestly requested, in order to provide funds to relieve

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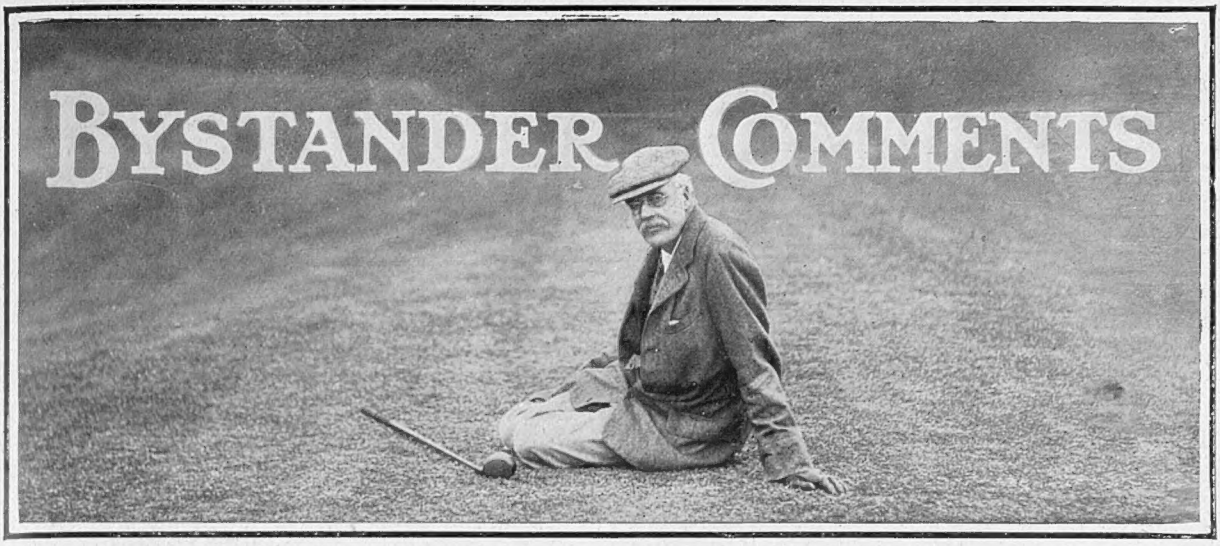
POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.



Photograph] Taking Well-Earned Rest in Well-Favoured Fashion [*Sport and General*

AU REVOIR, MR. BALFOUR! By the Editor

I CONFESS it, we are politically not quite ourselves this week. We are suffering from shock. Mr. Balfour's resignation plunges us into sudden darkness. He was, more or less, our political electric light installation, and we are not at all decided whether we care for the choice between an oil-lamp or a candle which seems to be offered us as a substitute. There is much to be said, in the absence of a really reliable and steady luminant, for complete darkness. It rests one's eyes, and enables concentration of thought. So it is to be for awhile without a party label—as we are with Mr. Balfour's resignation.

***

TO more Tories than may be known to the party managers, Mr. Balfour was their faith. One had acquired the habit of reading every line of a Balfour speech, on no matter what topic, and finding oneself in some sort of occult agreement not only with what he said, but with what he left unsaid. One was often annoyed with Mr. Balfour: wishing he'd do this, or that, or the other. But it was the whole art of being a Balfourite to be occasionally an anti-Balfourite. Whatever the grievance, however, there was the reservation that there must always be Mr. Balfour, and that his place was that of leader.

***

WHEN it became apparent that there was a noisy, and not at all a necessary, section of Unionists who were engaged in a secret conspiracy to bounce him from the lead, then did all one's loyalty to him well up within one, leaving the determination that, if the cabal succeeded (as it has now succeeded), one's loyalty to the "party" would automatically cease.

***

WE are told that the reason of Mr. Balfour's expulsion—it is foolery to pretend that what has happened is anything else—is because he did not stand sufficiently on the principal plank of the party's programme. Would it very much surprise the Confederates, or Die-Hards, or whatever they now call themselves, to know that the best and most solid elements in the party were willing to walk that plank—which they do not regard as the principal one—just as far, and no farther, than Mr. Balfour; that Mr. Balfour, in his parenthetical, rather involved orations, expressed far more of the mind of the average Conservative on Tariff Reform than did the ranting Tariffite? One believes that Free Trade is a fetish, but not that Tariff Reform is not also one. Like Mr. Balfour, the average Conservative believes that the true solution is something that is either, and yet neither. It is not to be believed that the "whole-hoggers," without the intellectual patronage of a Balfour, will ever convert the country. They have tried it thrice on the electoral dog, and whatever else it was that brought the Liberal majority down in 1910, it was not the Birmingham trumpet.

***

HONESTLY, as we have remarked here before, when it is a choice between Die-Hards and Radicals, we do not know which is the more or the less to our taste. Both are noisy, but the latter have, at all events, proved and pronounced ability, and they have six years' actual experience of the business of Government. An Imperialist has little quarrel, for instance, with what the Government is doing in foreign affairs, in the upkeep of the Services, and in the maintenance of order against the strikers. To Mr. Asquith's and Mr. Churchill's Guildhall speeches he has little to say but "Ditto." As to the future, the new Conservative leader *may* succeed in convincing us that the Government is altogether wrong in its Home Rule, Suffrage, and other Bills. We look to him with curiosity, but without much hope, for that "strong fighting lead" which Mr. Balfour is supposed to have failed to give.

***

MEANWHILE, we mark time, nursing a fond suspicion that whenever a change of Government comes, it will not be under the Premiership of any one of the anti-Balfour cabal. The change will come at the call of a vast independent body of electors, who, faced with some great national emergency, will demand the services of the ablest men, no matter what their party labels. And in the forefront of these will be found Mr. Arthur James Balfour, to whom we bid a respectful and affectionate "*Au revoir.*"

V. C.

Law to Play Lead: For How Long?

OUR decision to follow henceforth a critical rather than a partisan line is helped by the selection of Mr. Law as leader. He takes up the post in an atmosphere free from prejudice. He is, it is true, a Tariff Reformer, but a business and not a sentimentalist one. On the other hand, he is *not* a Die-Hard, and was not among the ranks of the B.M.G.-ites. He has the shaping of the future of his party in his hands. If he has the courage, on Thursday next, or whenever he first speaks, to throw overboard the relics of outworn prejudices, and to approach national problems with an open mind, he may yet pull the party together and win over to it that uncertain quantity, the man in the street.

***

THE selection is, at all events, no feather in the cap of the Halsbury Club. Mr. Law was not, as was Mr. Austen Chamberlain, among their number. We need not, therefore, assume that the club will shut up shop just yet. The motto B.M.G. may probably remain provisionally in force. Mr. Law is reported to be a philosopher; he plays golf; and—his front name, at all events, begins with "B."

***

PROBABLY the most surprised man in England to-day is Dean Inge, of St. Paul's. He delivered an address full of what he thought were the proper things—gloomy forecasts as to the future of the nation. On Monday morning he finds himself acclaimed not as a patriot, but as a miserable pessimist. It would appear, from the replies to the Dean published in the *Daily Mail*, that Jeremiah is an out-of-date model for the clergyman of the day. A more recent one is recommended—one who, among other things, bade his disciples "take no thought for the morrow," also to "be of good cheer," also to "render unto Cæsar, etc."—that is, to leave politics to those whose business they are.

***

THE departure for the Durbar has duly and properly taken place. We wish their Majesties "Bon Voyage," and trust that should the Mediterranean be exceptionally stormy, the *Medina* will not have to put into Tripoli. Our staff pessimist, reading the news of the debates in the German Reichstag, painted for us the following cheerful picture: "Suppose, within the next week, we are involved in war, and with the whole Triple Alliance. The *Medina* is passing close to the mobilised fleet of one of our possible enemies. The Ægean teems with lonely islands of about the same size as St. Helena. The chief of our possible invaders is himself a passive claimant to our Throne, and has five strapping sons to find billets for. . . ." We have ordered this gentleman away for a rest-cure.

***

WE have had the Arab view of the Tripoli massacres. Now, slowly, filters through the Italian. It appears that it was the Arabs who began the atrocities, and that the Bersaglieri are justified as having only acted as men would when the victims of treacherous attack. I think the time has come to cease our attacks on Italian soldiers as soldiers. If blame rests anywhere it lies with the Italian commander. He should certainly not have taken it too much for granted that the Arabs were "friendly." The North African native hates and despises all Europeans impartially, and treachery is in his blood.

***

IT is easy to be wise after the event, but it does look as though our Italian friends would have been better advised had they taken Tripoli by diplomatic subterfuge instead of by war—as we took Egypt, France Morocco, and Austria Bosnia.

VACANCY FOR A LEADING GENTLEMAN

Manager of the Unionist Theatre Royal: "Yes, yes. All of you think you could fill his place as Hamlet. But what of all his other parts?"

Godspeed to Their Majesties

OFF TO THE EAST IN TYPICAL BRITISH WEATHER

THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL TRAIN AT PORTSMOUTH

Large crowds assembled along the embankment over which the train passed the Services' recreation ground, and even a denser throng where the train emerges from the harbour station to cross the extension. By Royal command the train traversed the town very slowly, their Majesties standing at the windows

THE DEPARTURE OF THE "MEDINA"

The great vessel cast off from the jetty—twenty minutes late—in torrents of rain, provoked largely by the thunderous salutes of the big guns. Notwithstanding the awful weather, many thousands of cheering spectators lined Portsmouth and Southsea beaches, and were rewarded with the sight of King George on the Admiral's bridge of the "Medina," his hand finally saluting his country

Bystander Comments *(continued)*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
Shares his lunch with Roundhead soldiers

one might have expected that Prince William would have taken warning from the fate of that other fire-eating ex-heir-apparent, Prince George of Servia. His Imperial Highness is likely, unless he is careful, to be sent even further from his father's capital than Dantzic. I should not be surprised to hear soon of a German South Polar Expedition under his heroic direction.

* * *

MUCH pother is being made over Mr. F. E. Smith's attack on Mr. Bryce at the White City. But when at an exhibition, presumably it is not incongruous to make one—of oneself.

* * *

THE papers are offering photographic proof of the renewed popularity of the Lord Mayor's Show. A huge crowd at Ludgate Circus is taken to mean that London is still interested in this annual nuisance. As the show takes place at the City clerk's luncheon-time, it is likely to continue to enjoy this sort of "popularity." Most of the City men of my acquaintance, however, had completely forgotten the function until, to their intense disgust, they found it barred their way across the streets and stopped their business. I even overheard one person, who could not get away from the triangular area enclosed by Leadenhall, Fenchurch, and Gracechurch Streets, exclaim: "Surrounded! Now we have an idea of what a German Invasion might be like."

I CANNOT profess to be as "amazed" as are some of my contemporaries at the German Crown Prince's anti-English demonstrations during the Chancellor's speech in the Reichstag, as I had already warned readers, in last week's issue, as to the warlike ideas of this young gentleman. Still,

LORD CLIVE

NOTABLE VISITANTS TO TOWN LAST WEEK

Distinguished personages of the past, who, doubtless to their intense disgust, got mixed up with the Lord Mayor's Procession on the 9th inst. They were presumably on their way to Lansdowne House to apply for the Leadership of the Conservative Party

"TAKING OUR NAME IN VAIN"

I HAVE had a further communication from Messrs. A. J. Raffles and Co. in connection with the proposal to issue a cigarette under the auspices of this journal. Such persistence deserves acknowledgment. The proposal is that readers of THE BYSTANDER should be invited to sample the cigarettes themselves and to report their opinions to the Editor. If it is found possible to adopt it, I shall make an announcement at the proper time and in the proper place.

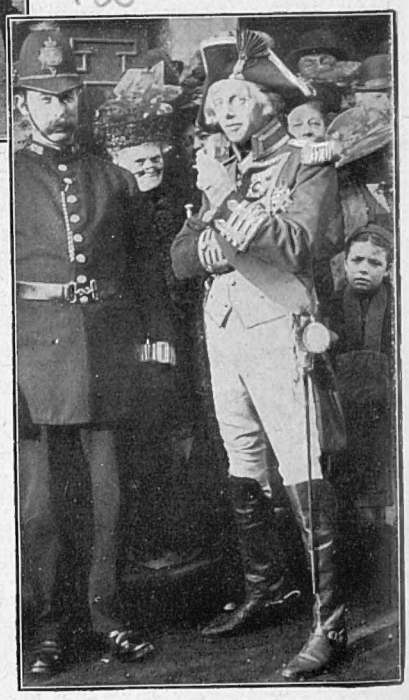
* * *

CHRISTMAS is, of course, coming, and well before it, our Christmas Number. I may here say that this will be considerably bulkier, brighter, and more brilliant than any predecessor. An exceptionally original collection of drawings, in colours and black and white, is now being arranged, and the short stories and literary matter will be, I believe, up to the usual standard. The price of the production, which will be considerably more than a mere double number, will be, as before, one shilling, and the date of issue is December 6. I leave to your imagination the usual reminder as to the need for giving "an early order to avoid disappointment."

* * *

A Correction

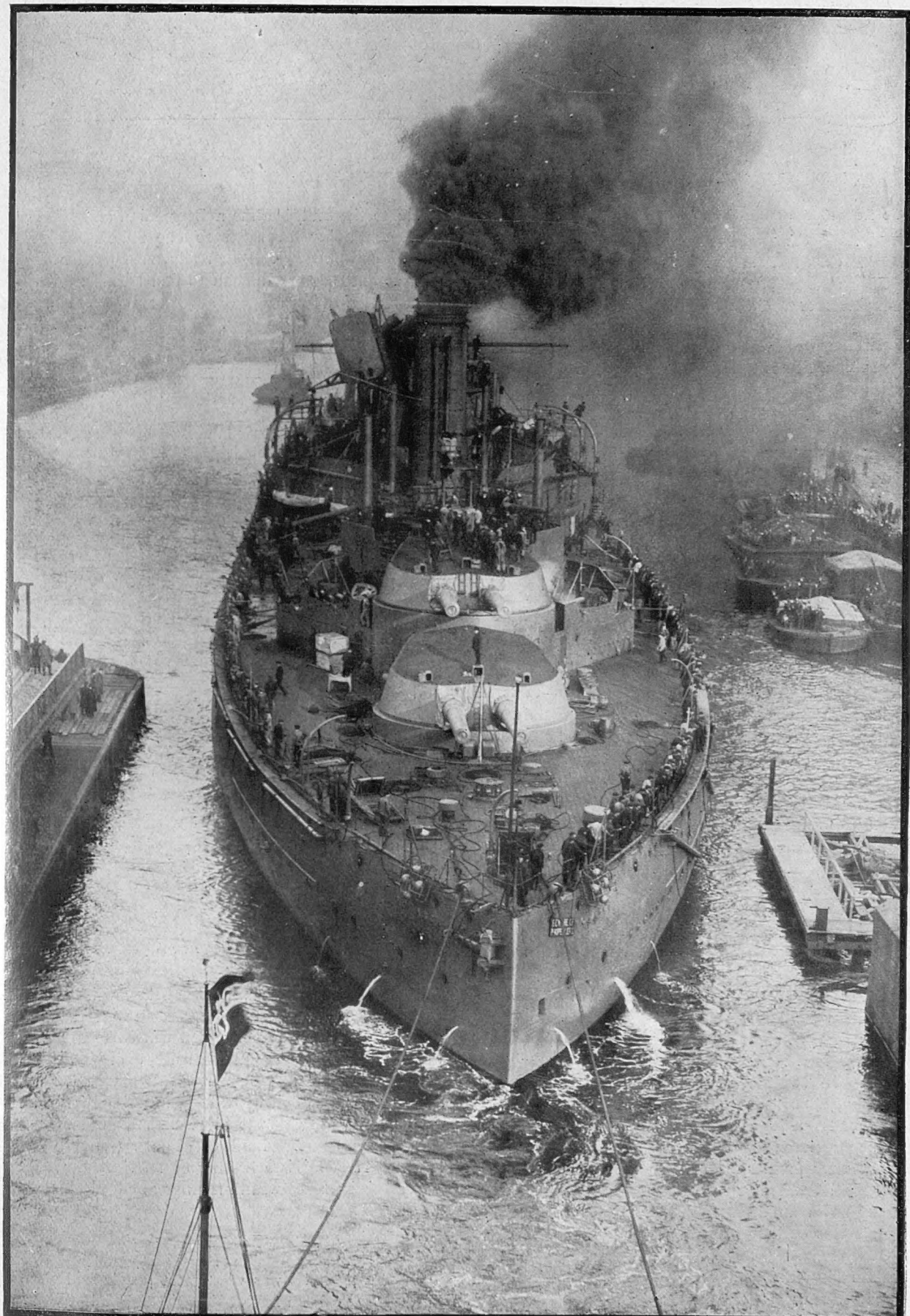
We are requested by a relation of the present Lord Blythswood to state that the photograph described as of that nobleman, published in our issue of September 27, was that of the late Lord. We should have corrected this mistake earlier, but had endeavoured unsuccessfully to secure the correct portrait of the present Lord Blythswood, which would have been the best way of removing the misapprehension.



LORD NELSON
Takes a sandwich in the Strand

His Majesty's Supership

AN IMPRESSIONIST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LATEST DREADNOUGHT



Photograph *Frank and Sons*

Elaborate precautions were taken to pilot H.M.S. "Monarch," our latest super-Dreadnought, through the bridges of Newcastle. There was nothing to spare at the swing bridge, where she just scraped the pier, but the operations were beautifully negotiated, to the admiration of thousands of spectators on the banks of the Tyne

Au Lorgnette

A BYSTANDER'S PEEPS AT PASSING PERSONALITIES

To Launch the "Chatham"

LADY CAMDEN, who last week performed at Chatham launching ceremonies on H.M.S. *Chatham*, is one of the numerous granddaughters of the veteran Lord Abergavenny. Her father, second heir to the Abergavenny marquessate, resides with the Marquess at Eridge, and it was in the picturesque church on the Nevill estate that Lady Camden was picturesquely married to John Charles Pratt, fourth Marquess Camden. Lord Camden, who succeeded to the family honours before he was three months old, is an extremely wealthy man, and enjoys an immense income from a somewhat melancholy source—Camden Town, of the greater part of which he is ground landlord. His small son and heir, the Earl of Brecknock, derives his courtesy title from a Welsh priory which has belonged to the Pratts for years and years and years. Lady Camden has the nice manners that distinguish the Nevills, and is very popular in Society.

THE MARCHIONESS CAMDEN

Photograph Lafayette

Creator of a Cult

"Personality is rare. It is a genius for life," says John Masefield, and the definition appealed to one more than usually as one sat last week at the feet of the creator of the newest cult—Professor Bergson, specialist in souls, a sort of improved edition of the late Emil Reich. Professor Bergson's personality is a fascinating one. In that high, clear voice of his he propounds with such disarming simplicity such ponderous problems, and handles advanced philosophy with an insouciance that seems positively childlike. Matter, he says, isn't really divorced from mind. Brain is the link that connects the psychical to the material body. Adopt the Bergson philosophy, cultivate the soul, become a Bergsonite, and life will be worth living—at least, so one understood Professor Bergson to say. But, really, very good French is sometimes so very difficult to understand that it is quite a relief to learn that the Professor speaks English perfectly, and will probably lecture in that tongue when next he comes to London.

PROFESSOR BERGSON

Photograph Gerschel

A Hostess for Charity

One of the most artistic houses in London is that of Lady Glenconner, which is being thrown open for a charity concert next week. Delightfully Georgian in aspect, it overlooks St. James's Park on the one side, Queen Anne's Gate on the other, and has for neighbour the mammoth skyscraper of the Standard Oil Company's offices. Its hostess, still, perhaps, better known as Lady Tennant, the Pamela Wyndham of a brilliant era, has designed and furnished it with the taste for which she is famous, and it is often said that there are nowadays no old "pieces" left in the old curiosity shops of Westminster, Lady Tennant and her near neighbour, Lady Lytton, having pounced on and confiscated them all.

LADY GLENCONNER

Photograph Keturah Collins

The Tennant Gallery

Lady Glenconner's house in Queen Anne's Gate boasts a charming, miniature picture gallery, which is one of the few in London that are thrown open for an outside world that has no priceless pictures to live with to come and gaze their fill. In it are masterpieces of Reynolds, Romney, Hogarth, Hoppner, Watteau, Fragonard, and Raeburn, as well as some beautiful old furniture exquisitely *planté* against white walls and blue hangings on polished floors. Lord Glenconner (formerly Sir Edward Tennant) is a brother of Mrs. Asquith, and derives his immense wealth from great chemical works in Glasgow.

Mrs. Atherton

"What, again!" was what most people said when Mrs. Atherton again appeared in the Courts last week, and "Mrs. Atherton's beauty has already been described," said the papers in a tired sort of way before they started talking of the lady's auburn hair, classic

The Countess Zia Torby

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA AND COUNTESS TORBY

She is still in her teens, and was recently presented at Court. She is a fine roller-skater, and is frequently to be seen at the Holland Park Skating Rink on Sundays

Peeps at Passing Personalities *(continued)*

features, sables, pearls, ostrich feathers, and calm self-possession that was only broken to wipe away a tear called forth by her counsel, Sir Edward Carson, when, in typical Carsonese, he referred to this fortune favoured lady as "standing quite alone" and being "only a woman." Mrs. Atherton comes of a family whose experiences at law have been many and varied. The first baronet, Sir John Dean Paul, created in 1821, was a banker who dabbled in art, literature, and versification. When he died, his son and heir had as partners in the banking business (now the London County and Westminster) Messrs. Strahan and Bates. In June, 1855, the house suspended payment, its liabilities amounting to three-quarters of a million, and the partners, having confessed misappropriation of trust funds, suffered the inevitable punishment. Later, we hear of the baronet, Sir John Dean Paul, going into business as a wine merchant. The present baronet, Mrs. Atherton's brother, defendant in her slander action, is his grandson.

MRS. ATHERTON

Photograph Walter Barnett

—•••—

A Derby Host

Lord Carnarvon, who, for the Derby meeting next week, usually entertains a big party of interesting people, has not followed in his father's footsteps by adopting a public career, having preferred to shine as a sportsman. He is also, or was, a great traveller, and Highclere, designed by the architect of the House of Commons, contains, in addition to a collection of Gainsboroughs and Reynolds, said to be the finest in the kingdom, hosts of treasures picked up by his lordship on his travels. Bretby, where the party for the Derby races is held, is now, I believe, in the market. It is only about a century old, the ancient edifice of the name having been pulled down by the fifth Earl on the advice of his steward, who declared the place (which had belonged to the Chesterfields for centuries) to be rickety and unsafe to live in. The process of demolition, however, proved the beautiful old house sound from roof to basement.

EARL OF CARNARVON

A Future Lord Chief Justice—

Rumour persists in nominating Sir Rufus Isaacs as future Lord Chief Justice of England, though the Attorney-General himself has more than once denied the jade's remarks. To a legal career, however, the eminent Jewish advocate is far better suited than to a political, in which, much to his supporters' disappointment, Sir Rufus has, somehow, not proved the overwhelming success his previous achievements led one to anticipate. He was unsuccessful on the Stock Exchange, too, and it was not until he got to the Bar that he started out for good on the long line of successes that have signalised his career in the Law Courts.

—•••—

—With Charm

Of his work at the Bar Sir Rufus has more than once delivered himself of the illuminating dictum that "there is no more glorious profession, though it is no bed of roses. If you are successful it is all roses and no bed, while if you are not successful it is all bed and no roses." The Attorney-General is a charming man to meet, universally popular, accessible, genial, courteous, kindly. He preserves that youthfulness of appearance which is apparently one of the "perks" of legal life, and, in common with his brothers in the faith, is keenly interested in new books, new plays, new anything. Lady Isaacs is a sister of Mr. Sutro, the dramatist, who also begun adult life on the Stock Exchange.

SIR RUFUS ISAACS

—•••—

Anglo-Russians

Two of the most popular foreigners in English Society of to-day are the Grand Duke Michael and his wife, the Countess Torby. It is twenty years or more since they settled down in England, hounded out of Russia by the wrath of the late Tsar Alexander, who signified his Imperial displeasure at his nephew's morganatic marriage by despoiling him of his princely rights, striking him off the Army List, and banishing him the country. Since that day, however, both the Grand Duke and his wife have become so thoroughly Anglicised that when their decree of banishment was annulled by the present Tsar they preferred to remain in England. The Grand Duke Michael was favoured by the friendship and confidence of the late King, and his wife has made a name as a liberal and gracious hostess. Lately she has been seriously ill, but throughout the season she has entertained largely, chiefly in honour of her débutante daughter, the Countess Zia Torby, at Kenwood, the splendid eighteenth-century house on Hampstead Heath, which its Russian owners have transformed into a bower of Continental luxury.

In Full Swing

PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE OPENING MEETS OF THE HUNTING SEASON

In Hot Pursuit

First meet of the Marquess of Zetland's Hounds at Aske Hall, Richmond, Yorks

The Duchess of Newcastle at the Opening Meet of the Quorn

Lady Milbanke at the Opening Meet of the Quorn

The Opening Meet of the Marquess of Zetland's

Photographed at Aske Hall, showing the beautiful lake in the grounds

The Countess of Warwick at the Opening Meet of the Quorn

Lord Richard Wellesley at the Opening Meet of the Duke of Beaufort's

The Front Entrance of Aske Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire

Where the opening meet of the Marquess of Zetland's hounds took place last week. Foxhunting is now in full swing, practically every country being ridden over last week

SOCIETY'S LOVE OF THE WORDLESS PLAY

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

MLLE. GRETE WIESENTHAL

Who came to the Palladium on November 6 to interpret by dance the name-part of the wordless musical play, "Das Fremde Mädchen" ("The Strange Girl")

The Rage for Russian Ballet

IT is overwhelmingly a sign of the times, is it not, this rage for Russian Ballet, this craze for dancing at Covent Garden, which has put mere opera into quite suburban shade (compare clothes, also jewels, on "Ring" nights with clothes, also jewels, when the Russian Ballet dances) and brought blandly out into the flaring light of day that apotheosis of the Body Beautiful which Puritanism and the Victorians banned and banished as no fit, or, at any rate, not a quite nice, god for the worship of a respectable, middle-class nation? Maud Allan and Lady Constance Richardson, I suppose, began it; but it is only since the advent of the Russian Dancers that the gospel of the body became the really *chic* gospel of gospels. Once again, in the "right circles" today, the body reigns supreme, just as it did in pre-Socratic days in Greece; in Rome when Rome was Rome, before the fall; in Italy of the Renaissance; and in England of the cheerful Elizabethans. We grow bored with genius, impatient of intellect. There is Bergson, certainly, also his Bergsonites; but the chief of the Bergsonites are they who, having cultivated their bodies to the *n*th degree, now dabble in the cult of the soul, taking it as one takes one's Grand Marnier (*cordon rouge*) with one's coffee—to add to the general complacency of things, to complete one's material satisfaction.

Paganism, Society—

The cult, this cult of the purely physical, is quite Pagan, of course; and not quite the paganism which made the Grecians put the image of Apollo or Narcissus in the chamber of a bride so that, gazing thereon, she might become the mother of a beautiful child. But what *is* Society if not pagan? And why, in the name of all the beauty that is in the world, shouldn't it be? For there is, I suppose, nothing more certain in all this vale of tears than that all the world and his wife would be pagan, riotously, royally pagan, did not the horrid grind for daily bread render nine-tenths thereof mere burrowers on earth's surface, from whom the purest, most exhilarating joy in life—complete physical development—is necessarily withheld.

—And the Ballet

What wonder, therefore, that Society, pagan Society, has taken to its heart that Perfection of the Physical which is the Russian Ballet? What wonder that the cult of the wordless—in Russian Ballet, in *Sumurûn*, in *Rialon*, in *Das Frémde Mädchen*—is the Society cult of cults? There is so much, even in the best Society, that one still may not say in words. There is precious little (witness Cléopâtre and the now, I fear, censored, Scheherazade) that the Russian Ballet and others of like calibre may not, and do not, express suitably by those physical gestures which make words seem the ultimate limit of superfluity.

"Expressive Silence"

And then, in the din of this appallingly noisy London of ours, the lovely "expressive silence" of this Russian Ballet, whose satin-shod or unshod feet touch earth as a rose-petal falls—noiselessly. Society that talks all day and half the night, that, never having really to think, never ceases for a minute to chatter, finds in the Russian Ballet the most piquant imaginable method of digesting its band-accompanied, conversation-swamped dinner. And presents the most amusing spectacle thereby. Picture to yourself—Society at Covent Garden sitting for hours on end sweetly shrouded in those "smooth wings of silence" Milton dreamed of! Society so ravished by this pictured perfection of the purely physical that it positively leaves off talking! Society arriving on the stroke of eight-thirty that it may not miss a minute of their manifestation! Society seeing expressed by the body triumphant all those great qualities the mere middle-classes strive vainly to express through the medium of the mere mind! Society peering through lorgnettes—the-better-to-see-with—at the primitive passions expressed as—well—as primitive passions usually are expressed, except on the usual stage—in deeds, not words, and fairly highly coloured.

The Cult in Suburbia

As to what will happen when, in the natural course of events, this cult of the Body Beautiful filters down to the suburbs causes even my imagination to boggle just a little bit. The chances are, of course, that it never will, for the cult of the Perfect Anything is always expensive, which is one of the reasons why cults remain cults and seldom develop into mere crazes. And though dancing in an anklet and a bandana "hankie" *à la* Beautiful Slave in *Sumurûn* is, perhaps, quite *convenable* in Mayfair, where drawing-rooms are spacious, parquet-polished, and footmen not to be scared by nothing, it might wear a slightly different complexion in, say, Peckham, where the drawing-rooms are both smaller and chillier and the moral standards of "domestics" tiresomely high.

O. M. D.

Prima Donna of Twenty-Five Operas

Photograph *Reutlinger*

MADAME DONALDA

We have pleasure in presenting this portrait of Madame Donalda, the brilliant prima donna, who sang recently at a great concert at the Albert Hall. No fewer than twenty-five operas are included in this beautiful singer's repertoire. Madame Donalda, who spent her childhood in Canada, is married to M. Paul Seveilhac, himself a singer on the operatic stage, and spends much of her time in London

THE FUTURE OF THE ART OF ADVERTISEMENT

[The Editor energetically disclaims all responsibility for the opinions of this contributor]

I AM minded to tread dangerous ground—otherwise, to muse upon the whole question of advertising as practised among us. I am going to ask the question whether the Advertiser (capital A, please, printer) understands Advertising. I have acquired, in these eternal train journeys of mine, the habit of looking at things from the standpoint of infinity, and I foresee, within a century or two, the chance of the utter failure of the advertisement to advertise. The reason of this pessimism is, briefly, that the advertisers of to-day, in seeking to attract human attention, concentrate all effort on one alone of the human senses, and the sense that is the least likely, at the present rate of deterioration, to be permanent—that of sight. The advertiser devotes all his thought to designing something that he thinks we shall all *see*. He books space in the newspapers he assumes we all read; on hoardings, 'buses, trams, etc., which he assumes that we all look up at; in railway carriages, where, he thinks, we are bound to gaze helplessly at what we see opposite us. The advertiser assumes an illimitable number of human eyes, eternally alert, which, once attracted, are coerced into accepting as gospel truth whatever they are forced to read, for sheer lack of power of resistance.

Now, as a friend of Advertisers (you'd better not be anything else—Ed.), I suggest that Advertising as at present understood is advancing along the wrong lines. Let me place myself, for a moment, in the position of the owner of one of the representative advertisable wares, suppose I say a patent brain-food, nerve tonic, and blood-builder—(I don't know how one "builds" a liquid, but no matter)—suppose myself the discoverer of the inimitable *Neurotagen*. The first thing I should do to make the miraculous remedy known would be to book space in The Bystander, *Times*, *Morning Post*, and other papers likely to be in favour among those of diseased brain, jaded nerves, and pallid blood. Then, I suppose, I should secure space on omnibuses, hoardings, Tube carriages and lifts, and other places where the name *Neurotagen* was likely to attract the attention of weaklings and degenerates. I should then sit down amid my bottles and await orders, either through chemists or from the derelict direct. Now, I'm not going to say I should get no orders—(The Bystander alone should account for at least a thousand invertebrates). What, I want to ask, of the millions of known neuropaths who either haven't seen the advertisements or who, if they have seen them, have not been influenced by them to send for one sample box? Can advertising be said to be an art when it depends for its appeal only on those who may chance to spare a momentary glance from one jaded optic at one paper or one hoarding? Surely, if *Neurotagen* is the heaven-sent remedy I don't believe it to be it should be forced on public notice in more effective ways than these alone.

Of all the organs of the man in the street, the most sorely tried, and, therefore, the least susceptible to attraction, is the eye. He uses his eye at early morn, during the day, and at dewy eve. It is eternally at work, and often overworked. Sight is gradually ceasing to be an active, and is becoming a passive sense. As the weak-sighted man shuns lurid lights, so he is tending to shun lurid letters. Black type he instinctively avoids, and, like hunted animals, his eyes seek rest in blank spaces. The thing one sees least on a hoarding or in a newspaper is the boldest print. Why do we always instinctively read the stop-press news? Not because we believe it to be likely to be important—we know too well that the latest is often the least—but because of the restful white space in which the letters are lovely in their loneliness. The eye to-day looks and longs for rest. If I desired to attract attention optically to *Neurotagen*, I should buy vast deserts of white and make the word occupy the space of a tiny oasis in the centre. But I should also realise the extreme importance of "getting at" my client by appeal to all his other available senses.

I think I should take first the human ear. Instead one week of spending £1,000 in newspaper and hoarding space, I should hire a thousand healthy-looking persons to travel in trains, trams, 'buses, and at intermittent intervals to exclaim, not to anybody, but to everybody at large, "—— and then I tried *Neurotagen*, and look at me now!" Why, furthermore, should it not be possible to station at various street-corners, or in various shop-windows, full-powered gramophones, which would declaim hoarsely the virtues of the astounding cure? I believe there is no law against a nuisance provided it takes the form of noise. Further, the gramophones might be engaged for spaces of time, by a number of different advertisers, so that the passer-by could always be sure of hearing something to his advantage.

In addition to the stationary gramophone, there could be the movable one—in a motor-car, which, instead of hooting as it came along, called out "Neurotagen," or "Bovril," or "Bollinger," or "Plasmon," or even "The Bystander." I am convinced that the word would stick in the ear of the auditor longer than it would stick in his eye, simply because of the novelty of the method of appeal. At theatres and music-halls why not, between each act or "turn," a good bellow from the gram-adophone? Why, I demand to know, has the discovery of the talking-machine been put to no use whatever by the advertiser?

As to the nose, I admit that, as yet, that organ is insufficiently the medium of intellectual impression. We shall have to wait a thousand years or so before there is a language of scent, by the use of which we can convey meanings to each other. To adapt the senses of touch and taste to advertising use would involve a certain amount of assault and battery which might bring one into the police court. . . . Even here, though, I see a ray of hope.

"He dug plaintiff violently in the ribs, and exclaimed 'Neurotagen! That's what you want,'" would really read well in the police reports, when one comes to think of it. So, also, would "He opened complainant's mouth and squirted down it a teaspoonful of Neurotagen, saying, 'There! That will put you right,'" even if one had to pay a small fine and costs. Given the aid of the Press (and a jocular magistrate) there is something to be said for this method.

My final injunction is: Let the advertiser realise that the human eye has had its day. It is growing tired. The time is coming for the other senses, particularly the undiscovered sixth one. I am perfectly sure if they will only get hold of Mr. W. T. Stead or Sir Oliver Lodge, advertisers would be able, by trying hard, to overcome the prejudices of those gentlemen against publicity, and even to enlist their secret services in the adaptation of telepathy to the purposes of the advertising art. JOURNEYMAN

THE "SURPRISE" MARRIAGE OF A STAGE FAVOURITE

MISS LILY ELSIE (NOW MRS. IAN BULLOUGH) ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH

The fact that, in the above snapshot, Miss Elsie's well-known smiling features are not visible will give it unique value to collectors. The picture shows Miss Elsie being handed out of the carriage at All Saints' Church, Ennismore Gardens, by the Hon. Chas. Russell, who gave her away

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

"A VERY definite statement regarding happenings was ludicrously wrong," says the representative of a halfpenny paper, who has been testing the power of the palmists. Still, in justice to the poor palmists, we must remember that they have not the newspaper representative's chance of contradicting little mistakes of that sort by a "Later Telegram."

* * *

Perhaps it is just as well that palmists should be stopped. Nobody wants to look into the immediate future. We know that it will consist mostly of licking stamps on to forms in order to please Mr. Lloyd George, with the butler making us realise that it would not accord with his dignity to do so, and the 'tweeny threatening to leave if she is asked to do such a nasty thing, and railwaymen striking, and Home Rule being voted for. We do not want to know more for a month or two, anyway.

* * *

An electrical scientist has invented "an automatic fat-reducer." But many physicians are of opinion that the weekly duty of Insurance stamp-licking will prove quite as effective in reducing the weight of our stouter citizens.

* * *

Considerable astonishment has been expressed at the callous way in which the comparatively raw recruits of Italy looked on at the writhings of their Arab victims during the recent slaughter in the Oasis. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the statement of a contemporary that "in the Italian Army at Tripoli there are to be found many men who up to recently were ice-cream vendors."

* * *

The Duchesse d'Aosta continues to bath daily the Arab infant, Fatima, who fell into the hands of the Bersaglieri during a fight at the outposts. We trust that this atrocious treatment of a child—as it must seem to the ordinary Arab—will not result in bringing about the Holy War one has heard so much of.

* * *

How pleasant it is to turn from the atrocities of a so-called civilised nation to the methods of the simple-hearted Chinese. Their Imperial troops, it is reported, have in a large number of cases been armed with cartridges, the bullets in which were manufactured out of purple paper.

* * *

"The skeleton of a woman, supposed to be 4,000 years old, has lately been excavated near Bath. It was in a good state of preservation." Both from the date and the state of preservation it is fair to assume that the skeleton was not that of a Suffragette.

* * *

A new star singer—with the tiniest foot in Europe—has been discovered by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. If physical records have to be beaten by new star-singers, we would like to hear of one being discovered who had—so far as Europe goes—the tiniest smile.

* * *

We have not been as surprised as most people by hearing that a cat has suddenly conceived an intense devotion for living in one of our London Tube railways. If there was any creature that was likely to want to live in one of these places for more than half an hour at a time we should have betted it would be either a cat or a rat.

* * *

"Boiled onions, too"—says the *Daily Express*, in an article on the care of the complexion—"are good for the skin." Still, it would be wise—after rubbing in this remedy—not to go to an At Home or a theatre without first making sure that one has a thick skin.

The Dog (just purchased): "Great Scot, just fancy being tied to this for the rest of my life"

(By Alfred Leete)

The Joy Wheel

BY PHILIP BAYNES

Registered design]

PARIS SHOWS

et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

A Last Rehearsal

THE last of the real dress rehearsals in a Paris theatre is called the Dressmaker's Rehearsal, because the dress rehearsal proper has become the equivalent of a London first night here in Paris. Now, a first night often makes or mars the play, for all the critics go to it, and Tout Paris packs the remainder of the house. At the *répétitions générales* there are no long stage waits between the acts (no longer stage waits than usual in a Paris theatre, that is); the audience is in its smartest clothes, and the author trembles behind the scenes and sees nothing of the play from the front. So this evening he is seeing it from the front for the last time before he knows its fate. The manager is sitting next to him, and dotted about the ghostly house are dressmakers, several journalists, and many people who have no business there whatever, but who have managed to get in on some pretext or other. And there are the actors and actresses. Charming little actresses, whose parts in the play may be small, but who are powers in the house, and who know it. It is just possible that their presence in front to-night accounts for the anxiety to get in to the dressmaker's rehearsal of many people whom it otherwise would bore.

"HE DRESSETH OTHERS—HIMSELF HE CANNOT DRESS"

A snapshot of the famous costumier, M. Poiret, whose easy, not to say careless, style of dress will inspire the reflection made above

The Leading Lady and the Dressmaker

IT was to have begun at eight, but the curtain goes up at a quarter-past nine, and the principal lady leans over the prompter's box in the middle of the stage, and asks the author in the shrouded stalls whether she has time to put on a cloak and a thick veil and go out for a sandwich. The manager hears her question. "If you want X. to see your dress before to-morrow night, you'd better not go out. He has just told me that he is going away in ten minutes." As X. is the dressmaking expert, who has consented to make the leading lady's costume in Act 1, she goes without her sandwich, contents herself with murmuring that the manager is "a dirty screw all the same," and presently the play begins. To a man who has seen anything of London rehearsals, this last rehearsal before performance of a Paris play is something of an eye-opener. It begins all right, but the most prominent person, though one does not see him, is the prompter. He sits in his narrow little nest right under the centre of the stage, and reads the play out loud. He does this steadily whether the actors know their parts or not, and a bad prompter sometimes forgets himself, and is painfully audible to the audience on a first night when an actor pauses for effect, and the prompter doesn't.

The Author and a Chin

Now, in London, at these last rehearsals, there is absolute silence in front. The author and producer now and again dictate a remark to a stenographer sitting next to them, and they do this in a whisper. In Paris—well, this is what happens: The heroine has the stage. "And so good-bye," she says, "good-bye, and if we never meet again in this life, remember that my last words to you were 'My dear X., I can't possibly walk in this dress, much less sit down in it.'" The author, if he has any hair, jumps up, shrieks aloud, and tears it. "I swear by my ancestors," he screams, "that there is nothing like that in your part." "You are hurting me," squeals a little lady, who walks on in Act 3, and whose chin the author (who happened to have it in his hand at the time) is ill-treating in his excitement. "I am sorry, my child," says the author, "but my best line has been massacred. . . ."

Find the Author!

AT about ten o'clock the leading lady takes farewell of the leading man again, and the act goes on normally until the moon rises, and a voice from the back of the dress circle yells, "Ah, but no, NO, NO, NO, then, but name of a name!" The moon is the wrong colour or the wrong shape, or the wrong size, or something. Ten minutes interval, an averted strike, the manager claps his hands and says, "Let us enchain, my children." Five minutes more interval while a hunt is made for the author, who has disappeared. He didn't take any interest in the moon, and there is some laughter as he is extracted, looking rather sheepish, from a box where he had been sitting in the dark with one of the stars. And we run through the first act before midnight strikes. Before the second act is half over there is a duel in prospect between the author and the manager, and three young journalists have run out and telephoned to their papers that the play will be put off for a week. When they come back again the old journalists, who knew better, are laughing at them, for the manager is embracing the author and predicting an enormous success, and the second act goes on quite nicely. It is rather difficult to find out what the third act means, because the scene-shifters have refused to set the scenery for it, and it is being played in the scene of the second act. But the villain rolls on the floor, and the author explains to the friends round him that he has fallen into the river; the heroine, in a pretty walking dress, plucks daisies from a footstool, and when the final curtain drops at 3.25 a.m. everybody appears to be perfectly satisfied.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

The Bystander in Berlin

"EISENBAHNSSTRAFRECHTSWISSENSCHAFT"

WITH considerable amusement and a certain malicious joy, Germans watch the growing tendency of England to copy their glorious institutions. One Briton, they see, wants to copy their Fiscal System, another to copy their Conscription, a third has already copied their precious Labour Insurance, and now some others, moved by the general strike, want to copy their Railway Nationalisation. At least two of these institutions, the Labour Insurance and the Railway Nationalisation, are sad and admitted failures, and the average German is so convinced of that that he would willingly pay the Briton not merely to copy them, but to borrow them wholesale and never pay them back.

German Railway Horrors

PARTICULARLY this applies to the State Railway system, which provides a service which is slower, less comfortable, dearer (if services rendered are taken into account), more red-tapey, and more vexatious than the British. The monstrosities caused by Verstaatlichung der Eisenbahnen, as the precious process is called, are hidden, of course, from British tourists who travel in the non-German Nord-Express, or in the few relatively comfortable and fast trains between the great cities. But if the spoiled English *paterfamilias* who growls in his *Telegraph* that the Great Western won't let him go first on a third-class ticket, spent a week travelling on the German lines, he would cease writing letters, and bless his stars that he lives in a country where railways are managed by business-men, keen on dividends, rather than by thick-headed, pragmatic bureaucrats, whose only aim is to get the Black Eagle of the seven-and-thirtieth class (without brilliants).

Porter Police

MOST wonderful of all the charms of German State Railways is what is known as Eisenbahnsstrafrechtswissenschaft. Under this miraculous offshoot of criminal jurisprudence, the German traveller is plundered by the State Railways from the first day he travels, as infant in arms, till the last, when a merciful errant locomotive severs his spinal cord. The whole State system seems concentrated to catch him breaking regulations. The railway "outer staff" men are all sworn in as constables, and have the right not only to arrest you as policemen, but to fine you as magistrates, and to collect the fine, as bailiffs, on the spot.

REPRESENTING HIS FATHER, THE EMPEROR

Prince August Wilhelm, who represented the Kaiser Wilhelm when the American, Dr. P. S. Reinsch, gave his first lecture at the Berlin University as Exchange Professor

For not having a ticket you are fined a minimum of six shillings; for mistakenly "taking a place in the train without intent to travel, even if the train has not started," and you are tenderly saying goodbye to somebody's else's best girl, six shillings; for going on the platform without a ticket, one shilling; for muddying a seat, one shilling. But most of all are you pursued for getting into trains in motion; and even the fact that Nature has punished your recklessness by breaking your neck will not prevent the German criminal law demanding punishment of your corpse.

Piling on the Agony

A MAGDEBURG gentleman, named Hoelzer, was last week fined ten shillings for entering a train in motion last March. He limped, one-legged, into court on a crutch. When "entering the train while in motion" he had his leg crushed between footboard and platform. When he left hospital six weeks later, he was sued for "unauthorisedly, and to the Staterailwayregulations contraryingly, a train while in motion entering."

Adding Insult to Injury

LAST year a Russian traveller asked a Berlin railway official on which platform a train to a particular city would arrive. The official nodded to one side. The Russian interpreted this as permission to cross the rails in the direction of the nod. A shunted engine went over him and cut off his arm. A week later, in hospital, he received a Strafmandat requiring him to pay 45 marks for "unauthorisedly, and to the Staterailwayregulations contraryingly, crossing the line."

A Wily Biologist

THE only person who ever foiled the Eisenbahnsstrafrechtswissenschaft was Professor Ernst Haekel, of Jena. When fined, summoned for getting into a train while in motion, he appealed, because the motion was so imperceptible that it could not be sworn to. He raised in court the metaphysical problem: What is motion, and at what infinitesimal fraction of time does a train cease standing still, and begin to move? The professor showed that scores of philosophers and physicists, from Aristotle to Poincaré, have disputed over this question, and that, as a mere biologist, he was incompetent to say whether the train was in motion or not. A German Court has always an enlightened weakness for quarrels on philosophical subjects, and in the clash of the professional expert witnesses, all with different opinions, the Jena biologist got off.

PICTORIALITIES

FROM VARIOUS CORNERS OF THE EARTH

PORTUGUESE CAVALRY AT MANŒUVRES

There is little that one can say at all complimentary about the present state of the Portuguese Army. Discipline in many regiments is practically non-existent, and lack of funds has reduced many regiments to a very ragged state. The cavalry, however, are well mounted, and the men are fine horsemen for the most part. We are familiar with photographs of fine climbing and jumping feats by the Italian cavalry, and the two we publish are evidence of similar skill in Portugal

The M.C.C. Cricket Team for Australia

Some of the members photographed with officers of H.M.S. *Cumberlana* when the team called at Gibraltar

MME. CLARA BUTT

Famous Singers Watch a War Dance

Mme. Clara Butt, with, on her right, Mr. Kennerley Rumford and Mr Norman Salmond, enjoy a novel entertainment at Johannesburg

Filling President Taft's Overcoat

The overcoat was accidentally left in a motor-car. The car's owner, who tried it on, had to invite a friend to help him fill it

British Recognition of Portuguese Republic

Sir Arthur Hardinge, British Minister at Lisbon, leaving the President's residence after presenting his credentials

A Tree of Many Uses

TAPPING A PALMYRA PALM FOR TODDY IN INDIA

Photograph *Wiele and Klein*

The Palmyra is the common Indian palm, and the Indian finds a use for practically every part of it. Besides producing sugar and arrack, its timber is excellent, and it furnishes thatch, cordage, and material for hats, etc.; its fruit, of course, is a valuable food, and yields a useful oil, while the young shoots are boiled and eaten by the natives, and even the seeds are edible. The leaves are used for writing-tablets

Fights That Might Well Be Stopped

IF THEY TOOK PLACE IN ENGLAND

Photograph] AN ELEPHANT FIGHT IN INDIA [*Wiele and Klein*

Elephant fights are very popular in some parts of India, and are indulged in and encouraged by many of the native Princes. Elephants are too valuable to be allowed to damage themselves seriously, so their tusks are capped. These "fighters" are often used as professional bruisers in assisting to tame an obstreperous wild elephant

A COCK-FIGHT IN SPAIN

The only "sport" that is associated in the public mind with Spain is bull-fighting, and it is not generally known that the cock-fight has almost as great an attraction for the Spaniard. It is, funnily enough, the favourite pastime of the bull-fighters, and large and very noisy crowds assemble upon the occasion of a fight, while much betting is indulged in

(Drawn from life by the celebrated Scottish artist, Miss Mary Cameron, and reproduced by kind permission)

Last Windmill of the Hague

THE WIND TAKEN OUT OF ITS SAILS BY MODERN BUILDINGS

Some twenty years ago there were several windmills in the Hague, but gradually they disappeared, making way for uninteresting streets, until only one was left. This mill was built in 1760 and ground corn for many a generation of sturdy Lowlanders. As the town closed around it the wind was taken out of its sails. In the early years of the nineteenth century, it was, in consequence, raised considerably higher. But the Hague grew faster than the mill, the erection of the Central Electric Light Works taking the last puffs of wind from its sails. The famous artist, James Maris, often used to paint the mill, which was recently pulled down by house-breakers

The Critical Attitude

Applied to the Affairs of the World at Large

By Ford Madox Hueffer

[The Editor has invited Mr. Hueffer to resume in The Bystander, *weekly the causerie which was originally started by him in the "English Review"]*

Criticism Assayed

The best thing that can be said for criticism—which no one really likes—is that if it is valid it is the height of common sense. Its great disadvantage is that it is bound to be dogmatic—it is dogmatic even when its purpose is to be merely suggestive. I really do not regard myself as the Pope or even as the Lord Chancellor, but if I am to make my suggestions good and hard I have to speak as if I were a New York policeman addressing a member of the public. The world divides into Tories and Whigs—not Liberals and Conservatives, which are imbecile labels. The Tory sees life as a corporate state in which we should all do our best for the whole, but we should have the greatest possible liberty in and scope for individual freedom—for criticism, in fact. The Whig sees life as a matter of efficient Individualists caught up in a party machine that allows of not the slightest cavil or carping—because a Whig, being an Individualist, has always his eyes upon the Front Bench, so the Front Bench must be sacred. Thus the Whig talks too much, and is generally the top-dog; the Tory is too lazy to talk, and is mostly out of office. Indeed, the Tory has so usually been the bottom-dog that there has hardly been a pure Tory in office since the days of Strafford or Clarendon and the forgotten dead generally.

Whig and Tory Theories

But Toryism remains alive under it all. It does most of the work of administering the world, and when its day's work is done it grumbles in smoking-rooms. It votes mostly Conservative, but without much enthusiasm—for the true Tory, and even the true Whig, to do him justice, cannot feel much enthusiasm for the struggle for the Front Bench that is the Politics of the day. I might put it in a different way. Roughly speaking, the theory of life of the modern Whig is "the greatest good of the greatest number." Roughly speaking, the maxim of the eternal and unchanging Tory is "the greatest good of the most efficient." Now, I am bound to range myself under this latter banner, and, though I did it without much enthusiasm, I came 500 miles the other day to record a Conservative vote. I cannot help myself—it is in my bones; it is in my blood. I desire the greatest good of the most efficient. The Whig has the other cry in his blood, and took it in with his mother's milk. He cannot be very happy when he votes for a party whose mainstay is the robbing of hen-roosts regardless of squeals. Indeed, that proceeding has really rather a Tory aspect and phraseology. But I am not a Whig, and I cannot feel much sympathy for their woes.

Long Live the Efficient!

I cannot regard myself as impartial—no critic can be impartial, for he must, in the end, desire either to benefit the efficient whom he admires, or to benefit those who came into the world with the divine right to whine. There is really no getting away from that. I desire for the splendid that they shall remain splendid, whether they be tinkers or countesses. The idea that the prosperous shall fall hurts more my poetic imagination. I cannot call myself splendid, but I can take pleasure in the splendour of others; I want there to be splendour in the world for someone. The fall of Napoleon is for me infinitely painful; the rise to power of President Loubet does not appeal to me. The other fellow—the good Whig—wants, of course, to leave the world a few Front Benchers or where would be the fun of the game. But he feels in his bones the cry of the materially poor; he desires to abolish splendours so that all the world may have a small villa at Wandsworth. That is a very good ideal—but it is not my ideal, nor is it the ideal of half the world.

Preoccupations

So the age-long struggle goes on, and for the critic, whether he criticise books, drainage systems, or the administration of Upper Burmah, one or other of these views will colour life and his views of life. Johnson wrote his essay on Shakespeare with the one preoccupation; Macaulay his essay on Clive with the other. One or the other view probably—nay, certainly—colours your views, even when you criticise your wife's dress. Figuratively speaking, I want my wife to be splendid because I want to be reminded that there are duchesses. You wish your wife to be serviceably clad in Harris tweeds that would stand a Scotch mist. That is because you want to be reminded of a world of small-holders and an age when the great landowner, with his splendours, shall be among the forgotten dead.

My Colours

Now, the Editor of this paper has asked me to criticise the world at large. To be really sincere I must confess myself for what I am. In the first place, I am a Tory because I cannot help myself. In the second place, I am a Papist because it is the Faith of my Fathers. These things will colour my views. If I had occasion to criticise the writings of Horace or of Mr. H. G. Wells; if I had occasion to criticise the verdict of the latest divorce case, they would colour my views. If I had occasion to write

about Home Rule I should not be able to forget—what is too often forgotten—that my co-religionists fought for the Tory faith, to keep out Teutonic-Nonconformist invaders at the Battle of the Boyne, and for the same faith were massacred under Cromwell. I desire very sincerely the supremacy of the British Empire throughout the world, for I think that, when all is said and done, that is for the good of the world. I do not—not the least in the world—desire to see a Papal supremacy in these islands (it is sufficient for me that the Pope should be spiritually supreme over men of good will—*bonae voluntatis*), and it would be ridiculous to suspect me of desiring to see a spiritual theocracy of the Jesuits established in a College Green Parliament. But, just because I have lived most with and like most men of the Catholic habit of mind, I am not filled with panic at the thought that the Papist Irish will stampede their country into the arms of Prussia, a Teutonic-Nonconformist autocracy that any sane Irishman would dread like the devil. That is merely silly.

Catholicism and Loyalty

I have said that the people I like best to be with are people of a Catholic type of mind. And by this I do not mean that they are persons owing spiritual allegiance to our father in Rome—though that, too, is pleasant. No, I know plenty of persons of that disposition who are Anglican communicants, plenty who are Agnostics, and some who are Nonconformists. But I mean persons who regard first not their material reward, but the spirit of their job in life; who have a remembrance of the fact that they are part of a hierarchy of the universe that in the end will afford them their just reward, though gold and promotion may have little place in that reward. George Borrow disliked Rome intensely, but he put a very good case for the type of man that I like when he made the Man in Black say that he was perfectly at liberty to call the Church *puta* in the dingle as long as he did not shout it in the market-place. And that sentiment appears to me to be admirable, for it means first the finest of all things—loyalty. Loyalty—to a throne, to a woman, to an ideal—may not be the highest product of the reason, but it ensures the finest type of contact between man and man. For loyalty is gratitude—to a throne, to a woman, or to an ideal—gratitude for fine inspiration that one has received. I would rather die in obloquy in a gaol, having broken half the laws of the country for the sake of unreasoning and disciplined loyalty, than die President of the Association of Free Churches (if there be such a thing) having observed all the laws and led a blameless life, without it.

The View of the Bridge-Builder

I dwell thus on the type of virtue and of men that I like because in these columns I am going to try to voice them. For, unfortunately, the Tory is rather a voiceless person. If you want great Whig philosophers they are there by the thousand; you will find them at every street corner. If you want Whig historians you have only to go into the first schoolroom, and in every locker you will find a Whig text-book. The Tory party has never been very vocal; that is why it has always been called the stupid party—that is why all our children would answer unhesitatingly that the end of statesmanship is the greatest good of the greatest number. Where else could they have heard another doctrine? Where else? But I have a friend with honest eyes—a not very brilliant friend. He has built a lot of bridges in places like the Deccan or in South Africa—a servant of the State with affections to be wounded. If he were put upon the platform he would produce rather diffidently the usual sort of Conservative "tosh" that he would have got out of one of the extreme party organs. But when you get him really to talk, he regards most of his party cries as that—"tosh"; he regards most of his party manœuvres as not very clean; he regards most of the operations of the Empire as rotten bad for bridge-builders—and he is very unhappy when he takes his thoughts off his bridges and looks around him. Now, it is this sort of man—and half England is this sort of man—that I am going to try to voice.

Dogmatic and Broad

He is, above all, loyal to his party leaders as he is perfectly loyal to the directors of his particular job in life. Officially he will utter the platitudes that he is told to utter about the Insurance Bill, though, since he has taken chances in real life, his instinct may tell him that politicians' estimates of the chances of life are all wrong. But within himself he feels. And it is this sort of man—this *homo bonae voluntatis*—that I shall try to voice when he turns his attention from the consideration of parties to the consideration of the newest book, the newest ballet, the newest project for the Channel Tunnel, or the newest and most villainous scheme of Germany to invade us by means of the waiters at the Carlton. He might be my neighbour in this club armchair; he might be your gardener; he might be the bricklayer who is putting up those flats; he might be your housekeeper or my female typist. But he wants things ship-shape; he wants two and two to square as four; he wants the best man to win. I think he is just as dogmatic as I am bound to be, and I guess he is just as open-minded.

Your and My Limitations

Of course, I do not mean to say that he will think just as I do on every given case. His facts will have been administered to him by the administrators of facts with a different colour. But I think that his views would be my views if he saw the facts as I do—if he remembered the massacres of Drogheda and the Battle of the Boyne, in fact. He will not remember these things, because at school he had nothing but John Richard Green as a text-book—we all had nothing but John Richard Green, and only few of us have later studied History in the raw. But I know very well that he—my friend Cartwright—would agree pretty well with me if he had my knowledge, just as I know perfectly well that I should put myself in his hands if I wanted to know how to build bridges, or handle ships' crews, or large numbers of navvies, soldiers, or any men but politicians. He will dogmatise because sincerely he believes, not that he is a superior person, but that he knows certain things, and from them can deduce certain others—and he has to dogmatise because otherwise no one would listen to him. No one could hear him. If you are a bird in a wood full of blackbirds you have to be at least as noisy and as insistent as a blackbird if you are to be heard at all when they are all singing together at sunset.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

Learning to Rule the Navy

THE NEW FIRST LORD STURDILY ENDURES HIS KINDERGARTEN

"A" FOR "ADMIRALTY PINNACE"

Mr. Churchill, having been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, has been down to see what the Navy is like. With characteristic thoroughness he had a good look at the "Victory," which almost everybody knows had something to do with Nelson ("N" for "Nelson"), and then inspected the submarines. All this is splendid. If you want to rule anything, the first thing to do is to have a good look at it. One would not engage as chauffeur a man who knew nothing about motoring unless he at least promised to find out something in the first few weeks of his employ. Moreover, Mr. Churchill's studies now will be of such help to him if he wants to pop up at any of the naval battles of the future in time to give hesitating Admirals the straight tip.

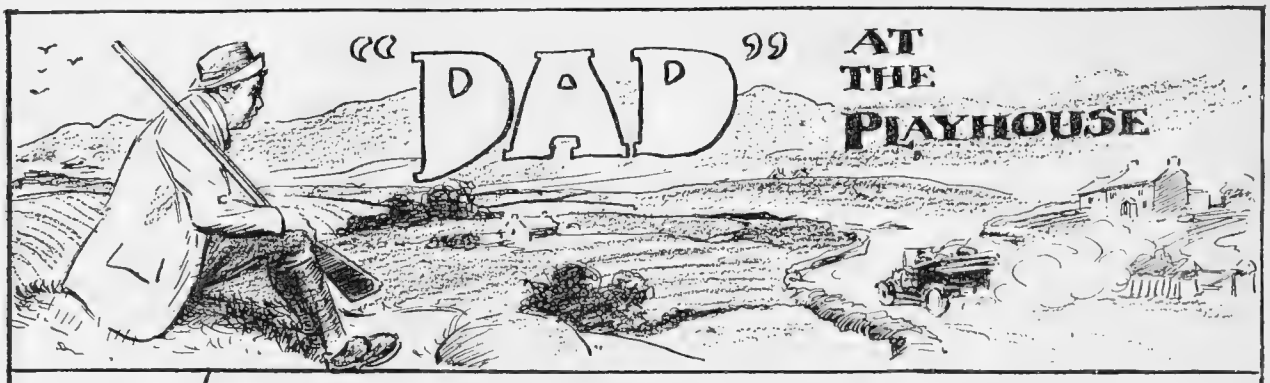
Student Churchill (on board same) watches submarine manœuvring

"P" FOR "PORTSMOUTH"

Student Churchill at the famous naval depôt

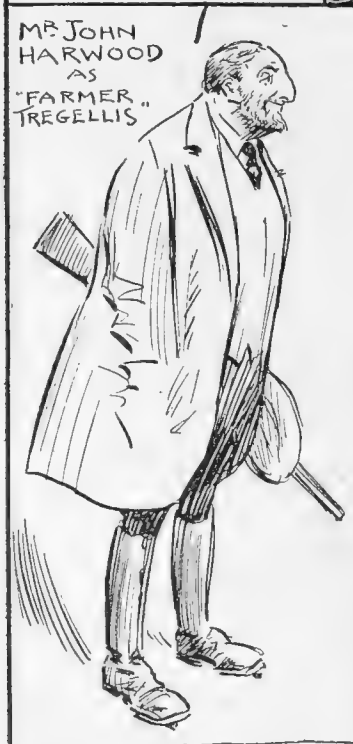
"S" FOR "SUBMARINE"

Student Churchill on board Submarine D 2 leaving Portsmouth Harbour for Spithead, thus proving that he is prepared to leave no wave unturned to ensure Britain's supremacy of the seas



"DAD" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW



MR. CYRIL MAUDE has turned at a stride from fantastic legend to very modern French comedy, and there is every indication that the change points to a gratifying success in all respects. For the purposes of the English public, the scenes are laid in Cornwall and London. The play has been Anglicised in other respects also, since topics which afford those irresponsible French people an excuse for riotous merriment are by us frequently assumed to be merely additional evidence of Continental depravity. The first act takes place at a Cornish farmhouse, where Richard Beaufort is engaged in the agricultural industry. He is a young man of simple tastes, but very practical. He speaks quietly but always to the point, and has a fine philosophy, which he expounds by the Socratic method of putting direct questions until his contention has proved itself. We understand that he has been on the farm all his life, and is possessed of sufficient means for material happiness, which he derives from an unknown father through a discreet solicitor. These details are worth noting, because they explain the character so ably represented by Mr. Kenneth Douglas, who has fitted himself into the part with a quite remarkable cleverness.

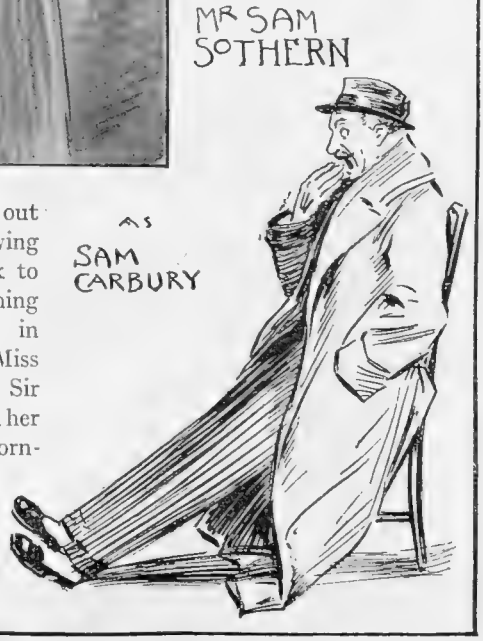
Upon this scene of rural peace and rustic happiness descends Sir Joseph Lorrimer, Bart., another triumphantly successful delineation of character by Mr. Cyril Maude. Sir Joseph has the village parson sent for, and confides to him the reason of his visit. The fact is, Richard Beaufort is his son, and as Sir Joseph has come to the conclusion that it is about time he himself gave up running after the girls and all that sort of thing, don't you know, he has decided to fulfil his long-delayed rôle of father, and launch Richard out into the real world of fashionable life. The exquisite drollery of this scene is heightened by the marked contrast between the two men. Sir Joseph narrates details of his distinctly irregular life with a note of something like exultation, coupled only with the regret that middle age has deprived him of much of that youthful dash and charm which made him so successful among the ladies in the rare old days. Apart from

the fact that the parson, by virtue of his office, is bound to reprove such sentiments, Mr. Grylls, the reverend gentleman in question, is such a dear, simple-minded old fellow that he clearly cannot grasp the full meaning of Sir Joseph's hilarious reminiscences. This clerical part is very charmingly represented by Mr. J. D. Beveridge, who accentuates the note of extreme simplicity without depriving the character of any of its proper dignity.

It seems that when Sir Joseph was a young man he entered the diplomatic service, beginning his career in Paris. One night there was a dance at the Embassy, and among the guests was a very charming French actress. When the dance was over, Sir Joseph was deputed to see the lady home, and she acknowledged the courtesy by inviting him to step inside and smoke a cigarette. Let me see, where are we? Oh, yes; the result of this interview is that Richard is sent to London to meet the father he has never known. The contrast at the meeting between the middle-aged *roué* and his simple-minded but very level-headed son is admirably presented. In order that Richard may be weaned from his bucolic ways, Sir Joseph has arranged with a young married lady of liberal ideas to take him about town a little and make a modern man of him, just as the fathers of ancient Greece used to commend their sons to the more responsible *hetairi*; except that, of course, in this case the lady's record is above suspicion, or, at least, very nearly so.

But when she appears, with her dazzling beauty and ultra-fashionable toilette, Richard sustains the conversation with obvious reluctance, and excuses himself at the first opportunity. He seems to have mistaken the class to which the lady belonged. Sir Joseph is a little hurt by his son's boorishness; but as the lady is there with all the appearance of having been designed by nature for an occasional harmless flirtation, he straightens his necktie and gives a twist to his moustache, and indicates very clearly his view that it would be a pity to waste such a good opportunity of making an impression. Mr. Maude is quite at his best in this act. He has caught the spirit of the character admirably, while at the same time he skims most gracefully over its amiable weaknesses.

After the lady has taken her leave, Sir Joseph's fascinations having left her unmoved, Richard comes back, and father and son begin to have what is known in sentimental circles as a heart-to-heart talk. Richard's first announcement, made in his usual matter-of-fact way, is that he has just been accepted by a young lady living near his farm, and he would, therefore, like to discuss with his father the arrangements for the consequent marriage. Sir Joseph is staggered by the young man's calm and precise announcement, which is so contrary to the paternal programme that has been sketched out for him.



He tries first to joke his son out of the idea, and ends by growing angry and sending him back to Cornwall. Then a strange thing happens. The young lady in question, Georgina Cardew (Miss Alexandra Carlisle), calls at Sir Joseph's flat. She had written her acceptance to Richard that morning, but now wants the letter back, as she is not quite sure she is worthy of so estimable a young man. Sir Joseph is at first inclined to pack

the young lady about her business; but, after a second glance at her face and figure, he straightens his necktie again and gives his moustache another twist, and apologises in his sweetest manner for not having asked her to be seated. In fact, so that there shall be no doubt as to the sincerity of his welcome, he goes and sits beside her. I mean, after all, we've got to be kind to the poor little things, haven't we?

In the third act we are back in Cornwall again. There is talk of the forthcoming marriage of Richard and Georgina, but, apparently, the ceremony cannot be hurried, because Georgina has promised to let Sir Joseph take her for a motor-drive, and also to accompany her on a visit to the various places of historical interest in the neighbourhood. Georgina does not want to settle down all at once. She has lived so long in the rural depths of Cornwall that the prospect of going about and seeing a little of what is called "life" is very attractive to her. Besides, she has hereditary tendencies towards moderately luxurious living, as her mother is a Portuguese lady who stays in bed all day eating candy and smoking cigarettes—surely the apotheosis of the life luxurious! The end of the story is not difficult to discern, but it is reached very daintily, and the interest is sustained to the last. The adaptation, by Captain John Kendall (known to a wide circle of readers as "Major Dum-Dum,") impresses me as being a very skilful piece of work; and, as it is magnificently acted in all respects, it forms a very agreeable evening's entertainment. Mr. Cyril Maude is to be congratulated. JINGLE

MATTERS MUSICAL

DR. WALFORD DAVIES'S NEW SYMPHONY

IF the new symphony by Dr. Walford Davies had been written by Sir Edward Elgar I have little doubt but that it would have been hailed as a masterpiece. For my part, I found it neither much better nor much worse than the famous Elgarian Symphony in A flat, which, as everybody knows, shares with the Elgarian Violin Concerto the honour of being positively the most magnificent composition of the century. Indeed, Dr. Walford Davies's music shows in many respects a marked sympathy with Elgar's later manner. There are the same long sequences, the same longings for the noble as distinct from the human, and, alas! the same expanses of tedious desert which tempt the listener to forget the very real beauties of the many oases. Of course, Dr. Davies does not score as well as his colleague, but I own to preferring some of his subject-matter as such. For instance, the introductory subject was very good, though I did not like the treatment of it, and the whole of the second movement, both in statement and development, was perfectly delightful. I am aware that some people found it too slight for a symphony, but I cannot agree with them. The most attractive, and, I believe, the most valuable, aspect of Dr. Walford Davies's talent is lyrical. It is for this reason he is such an interesting and valuable composer. The English are generally at their best in expression that is definitely lyrical, and if we are to evolve a real school of English symphonic music, I prophesy it will be on a lyrical and not a philosophical or ecclesiastical basis. That, personal prejudice apart, is the principal reason why I dislike Dr. Davies when he puts on hood and surplice, and Sir Edward when he dons cassock and biretta.

Photograph Russell and Sons
DR. WALFORD DAVIES
Whose new symphony was produced at Queen's Hall last Saturday week

Sins of Omission

Indeed, when Dr. Davies becomes too serious he seems to me to tend to be unmusical. Not, of course, in the sense that Strauss is called unmusical: that is to say, not by sins of commission, but by sins of omission. His music loses all sensuous beauty, and music without that is like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark. After all, Art springs in the first instance from the senses, the emotions, not from the mere intellect. Because it is true that no Art is in the least satisfactory without intellect, there is no reason to forget that all art which is purely intellectual and nothing else is absolutely sterile—which is, perhaps, an adequate criticism of the third movement of the symphony under consideration. As to the last movement, there is much that is very good in it, particularly the treatment of the second subject in canon and the last theme with a triplet accompaniment characteristic of the composer. The coda, too, is good, but a ludicrous, accidental reminiscence of Tckaikowsky's "1812" overture spoilt it for me.

The Symphony as a Whole

Viewing the symphony as a whole, I should say that the composer's principal merits were great sincerity, dexterity, and a capacity for writing good broad tunes, not mere scraps of nothing in particular. His principal defect is, I am sure, an inability to sustain a rhythm. In the quicker movements everything seems all right for a little, and then suddenly breaks down completely, the composer holding the music back just when we want it to rush on. In the slower movements there is no rhythmical plan whatever, as far as I can judge; the music just meanders at its own sweet will. Indeed, it was most instructive to compare the symphony with Ravel's "Pavane," which preceded it, and Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto, which came after. Both these composers possess just the qualities denied to Dr. Davies; the complete lucidity and mobility of the Frenchman, the brilliant dash of the Russian, either of these attributes would have turned the symphony into a real masterpiece. Seriously, the best thing that could happen to Dr. Walford Davies would be to have to write ballet-music for two years. FRANCIS TOYE

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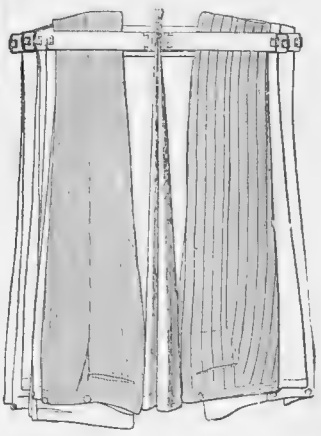

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

A HEART AND SOME DIAMONDS

BY BASIL H. WATT

WHAT HAPPENED ON A LINER

"IT'S of no consequence at all, I assure you," said Miss Phyllida Steggs.

Her parents had christened her Phyllida twenty years before in the expectation that she would be *petite* and shy. She had grown up tall and self-assured, and her manner combined sentiment with considerable *savoir-faire*. Both these qualities she derived from her papa and mamma. James Steggs owned two hundred dry-goods establishments adroitly dispersed over the towns of the U.S.A.

When Miss Steggs said, "It's of no consequence at all, I assure you," she knew she was saying the correct thing, as inculcated in her by a complete training, with all extras, in a Brussels seminary, and a final polish in a wonderfully expensive Kensington Ladies' College. But not that, nor a subsequent couple of years spent with a titled chaperone in London and the legitimate European resorts, had taught her to carry a small Pekinese in one hand, a gold chain satchel in the other, a muff in the third, and a mauve morocco jewel-case in the fourth. For reasons of her own she insisted on carrying them all herself. So that when the smart-looking, curly headed young man picked up her handkerchief on the platform at Southampton Docks, and apologised for having previously trodden on it, she made use of this incomparable expression, conscious that she might, had she liked, have said the same thing with equal frigidity in French, German, or Italian.

The glimpse she got of a boyish face and frank, blue juvenile eyes attracted her somehow. But her gaze fell downwards at once (this was chiefly the result of Brussels). It was caught by the "A. Tufnill" painted in white letters upon the young man's handbag. And in the whirl of embarkation, during which she dropped the muff and very nearly the mauve morocco jewel-case, the vision haunted her pleasantly.

The handkerchief episode and the young man's brilliant smile had been eagerly observed by Miss Steggs's papa. James Steggs was on his way back to the States after spending three weeks, ill-spared from the dry-goods, on a holiday in Europe with Arabella, his wife, and his wonderful daughter. Arabella had got tired of hearing him say that Phyllida "would show 'em a bit in Carbonapolis." Her every act threw him into a spasm of admiration, and his pride had evinced itself by a lavish purchase, on behalf of his offspring, of gowns in Mayfair and of jewels in the Rue de la Paix.

"Who was that?" he whispered in his daughter's ear as they reached the gangway. Mr. Steggs always spoke in a whisper when referring to anyone obviously unconnected with commerce.

"My dear papa, how should I know?" cried Phyllida, handing him the Pekinese.

As the Steggs *ménage* stumbled up the gangway, Miss Phyllida's gaze was again arrested by the sight of a trim figure in a brown tweed suit striding along the lower deck of the *Ruritania*.

The piercing hoots of the syren sounded as the young man of the brown suit reached his cabin and entered it. He laid his bag upon the bunk, and as his glance fell upon its white lettering a suspicion of a sneer crept about his mouth. He turned impatiently from it to the mirror. The innocent *naïveté* of the blue eyes that met his always gave him pleasure. They had called him "Baby-boy" at Oxford. He left the mirror in great content, opened the cabin-door, and looked out along the corridor. A stewardess was hurrying to the door next to his, and as she flung it open and entered he saw behind her Miss Phyllida Steggs and her maid. Phyllida bowed, for no reason at all. Aubrey Tufnill returned the bow with his most dazzling smile, turned into his cabin, slammed the door, and whistled a lively tune from Lehar.

"Good egg!" he said, as he opened his bag.

At dinner that evening Phyllida, ensconced between her plump and proudly smiling parents, wore on her round neck the enormous collar of gems and the earrings which her papa had decided should in future be known as "The Steggs Diamonds." The *Carbonapolis Buzzer* had already published advance headlines of "Historic Jewels Adorn Bosom of Fair Carbonapoline." As Phyllida dined many eyes were attracted by her fresh beauty and the additional charm given it by the delicate tracery of enamel and the enormous stones that matched the sparkle of her eyes. A pleasant and voluble old gentleman who sat next to Steggs seemed fascinated by the jewels, and peered anxiously round his neighbour from time to time.

"I can't help admiring the beautiful jewels the lady is wearing," he said to Steggs.

"Fine, ain't they?"

"You see, I am specially interested in stones. You may have heard my name—Adolph Jacob."

"I bought them in Paris," said Steggs, with reticent modesty. "My daughter chose them. Not a bad judge, hey?"

"Your daughter? Ah, you are fortunate! You are indeed fortunate." Mr. Adolph Jacob smiled ingratiatingly, and followed up the acquaintance with a few anecdotes in which commerce and humour were so pleasantly intermingled that Steggs warmly invited him to join his circle for coffee on deck.

Meantime, Phyllida's desultory conversation with her mother had been combined with a thorough investigation of her fellow-passengers. It was only at dessert that she discovered the curly haired young man of the white-lettered bag seated at a table in the most distant corner of the saloon, and obviously alone.

By ten o'clock Phyllida had got completely bored with her father's absorption in the experiences of his new acquaintance. She rose from her deck chair and walked to the taffrail. They had chosen a quiet corner; the night was serene, and Mrs. Steggs had fallen into a post-prandial snooze. Steggs and Jacob were in the midst of a fervent discussion on stocks and markets, and Phyllida strolled along the almost deserted deck. She had a presentiment that the

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(Continued on page 354)

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(Continued from page 352)

youthful figure leaning against the rail at the end of the promenade was the young man who had awakened her interest. As she approached he turned.

"Good evening," she said, quietly; "I'm afraid I couldn't thank you properly this afternoon."

"Not at all," he said brightly, "not at all." There was breeding, refinement, and a singular charm about his voice, and a gleam of fun in his eyes.

"You're travelling alone, aren't you?"

"Er—yes. I'm going out to—to a farm."

"Really? To the West, I suppose?" she said. There was a pause. "How nice."

"Well, as a matter of fact, it isn't. I've been—been sacked, you know. I couldn't do any good at home, so they've packed me off." He told his story somewhat mechanically, but his tone betrayed a desire to enlist her sympathy.

"Perhaps it will suit you better," she said, genuine concern striking through her voice. He seemed but a boy, but she amazed herself with the rapid intimacy of her confidences. "You can be more yourself; it is not so artificial."

"I suppose so." He fumbled nervously with his hands.

"I think there is so much stupid convention and etiquette about life in big towns. I'm fearfully bored with it myself." She had guessed that he was no country Squire. The suggestion seemed to touch him.

"Yes," he agreed, his face lighting up, "a lot of false things. I don't like it myself. Jolly night, isn't it?"

"Very." She caught his eye. There was roguish amusement in it again. She paused, and suddenly realised that perhaps she had said a little too much. "Good night."

. . . . . .

"Have you heard about this scoundrelly business last night?" inquired Adolph Jacob as he accepted James Steggs's proffered cigar after breakfast two mornings later.

"What may that be?" asked Steggs.

"A young child of twenty or so—Tufnill, or Tucknill, or something—been playing cards with three very sharp bounders, and they led him on to lose a cool hundred. It seems it's practically all the young idiot's got. He'd been sent off to look after himself in the West, and was carrying the money in cash."

"That's reg'lar bad work," said James Steggs. "The darned young fool."

"He's in a rotten bad way about it. It was the chief steward that told me. Poor devil. Knew nothing about the game, I suppose."

"H'm," murmured Steggs.

"I believe," continued Jacob, in the confidential tone he adopted when exposing the true inwardness of financial deals, "I believe his name isn't really Tufnill at all. Son of a nobleman; made a mess of things at home. . . ."

Steggs pricked up his ears. "Indeed?" he whispered. Gossip is precious in mid-Atlantic. Besides, his attempt at familiarity with a well-known and impecunious baronet on board had met with a polite but clear rebuff.

"Don't you think a little something might be done to assist the silly young ass?" suggested Jacob. "Personally, I would be quite ready to contribute say—well, five guineas."

"A rattling notion," agreed Steggs. "Private subscription. I'd hand out fifty dollars with pleasure. But d'you think he'd take it?"

"Delicately managed, I don't see why not. It might be anonymous, or, perhaps, a lady—Miss Steggs, I think, has struck up an informal acquaintance."

"What, that curly headed fellow? Most pleasant mannered, I'm sure." Baby-boy had improved two shining days and won over papa and mamma—the name had evaded Steggs. "I'll pass the hat round quietly."

Steggs had not travelled for his own hams for nothing, and by the following evening no less than sixty pounds had been collected. The extreme secrecy to be observed had helped matters along, and Steggs and Arabella between them together made up the amount to eighty. Meantime Baby-boy drank unlimited cocktails at Steggs's expense, and made a solemn promise never to play with strangers again.

The last evening of the voyage Phyllida performed her difficult task. She had already mothered Baby-boy so efficaciously that she was confident she could overcome any scruples he might have as to accepting the little packet of notes she held for him. And it was so.

"From anybody but you, I couldn't," he said, and he held her hand in both of his. Nor did she withdraw it until, with a deep sigh, he turned away and began whistling very softly.

Then Tufnill went down to his cabin to pack. He unlocked the brown bag and drew from it a mauve morocco jewel-case. With another deep sigh he returned it to the bag, and as he filled the bag up with odds and ends he whistled again the gay fragment of Lehar.

. . . . . .

In a small, dark office, tucked away among the most crowded business thoroughfares of New York, a group of gentlemen were discussing affairs. Three of them were card-players of high merit who had landed that morning after an extremely lucrative voyage on board the *Ruritania;* the fourth was deeply esteemed as a dealer in precious materials, and for the past week had rejoiced in the name of Adolph Jacob.

"The child's half an hour late, Stickey," observed Jacob. "He'll turn up all right," growled "Stickey." The door opened softly. "Here he is."

Mr. Aubrey Tufnill, bag in hand, entered. He nodded amiably to the assembled experts, took out of his pocket a bulky envelope, and from it withdrew a packet of notes, which he threw on the table.

"Eighty of the best," he said. "Jake worked the swindle damn well." Adolph Jacob chuckled. "Baby-boy" unlocked his bag, laid the morocco jewel-case upon the table, and opened it. It was empty.

"This—this is the duplicate case!" spluttered Jacob, in utter dismay. "Where's the swag? What? Surely you didn't funk it?"

"D'ye mean to say you never changed them?" howled Stickey. "You damned young hound!" He advanced on Tufnill with raised fist.

"Steady — steady!" Jacob caught his arm.

"It so happened," murmured Baby-boy serenely, as he chose a cigarette from his case, "that I rather liked the lady."

And he whistled Lehar's most seductive snatch.

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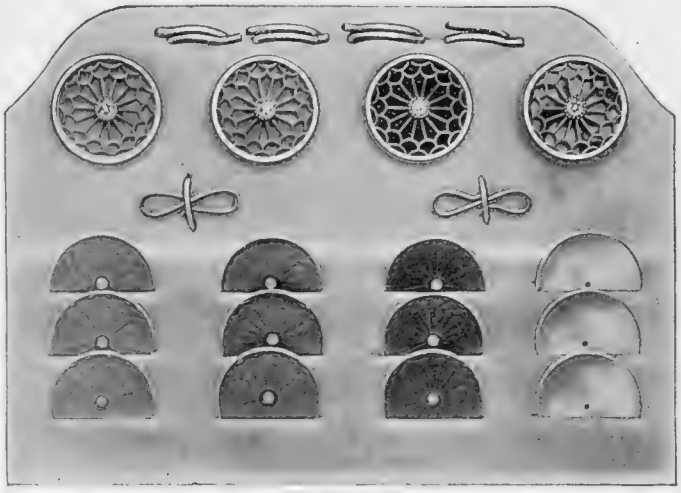

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

A Remarkable Book

I have just read an altogether remarkable book, a short novel written by a man whose name cannot be very well known to the ordinary reading public. The book is called *The Hampdenshire Wonder* (Sidgwick and Jackson: 6*s.*), the author is Mr. J. D. Beresford. Now, the first thing to be said about it concerns its length. Of words it contains comparatively few—you may read it in a couple of hours—and these words are of the most ordinary kind; yet after reading the last page you feel as though the book had been as long as *The Virginians* or *Tom Jones*. Not that Mr. Beresford's book bears the slightest relation or resemblance to either of these works; rather, I must suppose, that he is a master of the art of suggestion. In an almost eerie way he leaves you to bridge over gaps, playing guide the while, and without effort you seem to be adding to the story yourself. He suggests, too, things of which none of us has much more than an inkling; his book leaves you thinking hard, perhaps rather contemptuous of yourself. It is an uncomfortable book, its central idea is vastly disturbing, it is trespassing upon unexplored ground. But undoubtedly it is to be read, and admired, and—discussed.

The Wonder

The Hampdenshire Wonder is a large-headed baby, the son of a professional cricketer, who, from being the finest bowler in the world, has had to retire into comparative obscurity owing to the amputation of one of his fingers. This Ginger Stott was in no wise peculiar, save, indeed, for his ability to make a cricket ball go near to disobeying the laws of motion, and his only ambition was to have a son who should be the greatest bowler of all times. When the son is born, however, there is "something wrong" with it. It does not speak, although everyone feels that it can. All, save its mother, are afraid of it. There is a look of superhuman intelligence in its eyes, and its stare is like nothing else in the world. As a child of four, the local clergyman is horrified to hear it refer to the Bible in anything but a reverent spirit. At six, it is allowed by the Squire to read in his enormous library. The child spends days there, reads a dictionary in a few hours, and the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (India paper edition) in three weeks. Its verdict upon this work is laconic: "Inchoate—elementary patchwork." Challis, the Squire, is naturally appalled, for here in this ill-formed child there seems to be the germ of that *superman* which some writers have bidden us to expect. And then, of all absurd and delightful things, the clergyman and other local busybodies demand that this child, who has mastered all known knowledge in the space of a few months, should be examined—to see whether it may be excused from attendance at the local school! This preposterous scene is wonderfully described. Young Victor Stott answers the most abstruse questions. Henceforth he is left alone, a stupendous enigma, afraid of no one, yet requiring to be protected from the one being in the village whom everyone else regards as entirely harmless. This is an idiot boy, who alone of all the others is not cowered by the Wonder's glare.

Original and Daring

This is surely an extraordinarily original and daring conception; but, then, the whole idea is original and daring. In the end, the Wonder is found drowned in a muddy pond, his poor little body pressed down into the soil; and you are left, more or less, to draw your own conclusions. I do not in the least mind this note of mystery at the end; if anything, it adds to the thrill of the thing. Such a story can only end in mystery. In our present state we can but glimpse possible fragments of futurity. And Mr. Beresford is able to suggest the required amount of verisimilitude in his weird essay to look at the things that are not. There is an authentic note in his chapters, which falters only when the Wonder is attempting to speak of the future in terms of the present. And the surbordinate characters are all well described. The Wonder's mother, subtly understanding the son who rarely speaks to her; the father, Ginger Stott, who loathes him so much that he cannot live with his wife; the clergyman, narrow-minded, almost fanatical; the Squire, shocked at this inexplicable phenomenon; and his secretary, eager with scientific explanation, all play their parts. As a mere piece of story-telling, the book is excellent; as an artistic conception, it is unquestionably in the front rank.

Murder

Henry Cassland (Melrose: 6*s.*), by Hubert Druce, is the personal narrative, of the kind that is usually known as "plain and unvarnished," of an atrocious murder. It is about the most callous book I have ever read. Cassland acts under the name of Wilson, and in that character murders a poor little girl who is in the way. He wants to marry someone else. He poisons her, and with a perfectly diabolical ingenuity arranges that the girl's former lover shall suffer. The former lover is duly hanged. Cassland, with the vanity usual to murderers, feels the necessity for disburdening his soul; and does so in the pages of this unpleasant, if clever, book.

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COUNTY versus CLUB MATCHES

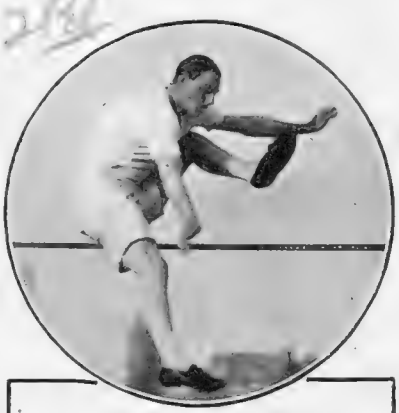
KENT v. THE MAORIS AT BLACKHEATH: A BIT OF LOOSE SCRUMMAGING

The Rugby team, composed of Maoris who have recently been performing at the White City and elsewhere, proved in this match to have been somewhat overrated—possibly because the men were short of practice—and were easily beaten by the strong fifteen which Kent "put on" against them

RUGBY FOOTBALL

County v. Club

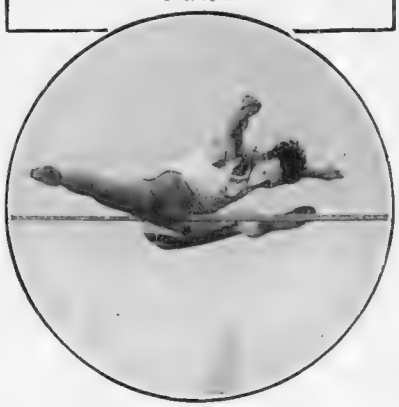
The conflict between the claims of club and county which I discussed recently in connection with hockey is present also in Rugby football, and seems, on the whole, to be more acute. Just as in hockey so in Rugger, there is a divergence of opinion as to whether county matches should be played on Saturdays, thereby poaching, as it were, upon the preserves of the clubs, or whether the rights of the clubs to their Saturday afternoons should be respected and county games relegated to the middle of the week. In the case of both games the former view predominates in the North and West, and the latter in the South. Now, in hockey this divergence does not appear to matter a very great deal. In the South a few players who cannot take mid-week holidays are shut out from county play, but county teams, even though raised in mid-week, are usually fairly representative of the strength of their county, for the officials of the County Associations are for the most part keen and energetic, and know where to put their hands on the good men, of whom, in the home counties, at any rate, there are enough and to spare.



A. C. Straker wins with 5ft. 8in.

SMART HIGH JUMPERS AT THE CAMBRIDGE FRESHMEN'S SPORTS

F. Sproule (an American) second with 5 ft. 7½in.



Southern Apathy

But with Rugby the case is different. Slackness in the matter of county matches is the rule rather than the exception, and although in counties like Middlesex and Surrey there must be heaps of men available for all positions on the the field, the authorities are not always able to find them or to induce them, when found, to turn out. Then, again, in hockey there is little or nothing hanging to the county games, whereas in Rugby there is the County Championship. It is, therefore, really more important that the county teams should represent the best, or nearly the best, available strength of their county, whereas in actual truth they seldom represent anything of the kind. In fact, to put it quite bluntly, the County Championship, as far as the South is concerned, is a pure farce. This ought not to be. The County Championship is, or ought to be, an honour worth striving for.

A Suggestion

For these reasons I think that something has got to be done to vivify the dry bones of the County Championship in the South, and the only thing that I can see for it is to hold the county matches on Saturday afternoons. I know that this will mean encroaching upon the domain of club play, and that club play is, and must always be, the backbone of the game. But will such encroachment be really prejudicial to club play? I very much doubt it. A few clubs may suffer on a few Saturdays by the loss of their county players. But how many clubs are there that can depend under existing conditions upon the services of all their best men week after week? I believe that the actual difference made to club teams would be so slight as to be hardly perceptible. *Per contra* we should have the County Championship elevated to the position to which it is entitled, and its matches taken seriously as stepping-stones to international prowess. The present way in which this competition is treated in the South is so utterly futile that if something cannot be done on the lines I suggest the Home Counties would do better to drop out of it altogether.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Mr. Hilton as Ambassador

Some time ago I gladly took the opportunity to comment on a welcome and ungrudging testimonial by Mr. Horace Hutchinson to the good sportsmanship of the American golfers with whom he came in contact during his visit to the States last year. It was a fine and emphatic contradiction of the idea prevalent in some quarters that the American player subordinated the spirit and letter of the law to his desire to win his match. That pronouncement on the part of such an eminent and excellent judge of the game as Mr. Hutchinson was an admirable move in the direction of improving and knitting closer the good relations which now happily subsist between us and our cousins. The task so well begun by Mr. Hutchinson has been carried much further by Mr. Hilton. Our champion, like Lord Kitchener in a more strenuous and serious sphere of action, has proved himself just as good a diplomatist as he is a successful fighter on the links. In all the public utterances of which we have record since he won the American Amateur Championship Mr. Hilton has invariably struck the right note, and has always given generous voice to his appreciation of the good qualities of the American players and of the unfailing fair-play extended to him by the American crowds. It is impossible to appraise too highly the amount of good that these fine utterances of Mr. Hilton will do.

HARRY VARDON (IN THE CENTRE) WITH MESSRS. H. E. READE AND G. B. LONG

The champion played the amateurs' best ball and beat them by 2 and 1, holing out in 67

THE OPEN CHAMPION'S FAREWELL MATCH IN IRELAND: A GROUP OUTSIDE THE HOLYWOOD CLUB-HOUSE

Harry Vardon concluded his recent tour in the North of Ireland with a visit to the Holywood Club, where, in beating the best ball of two of Ireland's leading amateurs, he incidentally broke the record of the course. The group includes, besides Vardon (near the centre), Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Garrett, Miss Garrett, Miss Dunlop, and Messrs. E. Hughes, G. W. Combe, and W. Smyth

A Splendid Example

The Americans, as anyone knows who, like myself, has had the good fortune to live among them, are the most generously hospitable people on the earth, and while they are keen fighters and high-spirited sportsmen are also extremely sensitive to any outside criticism, more especially criticism emanating from us, for whose good opinion they are more anxious than for that of any other nation. I am positive that the visit of Mr. Evans to us this year and the recent triumphant incursion of Mr. Hilton into the United States, both protagonists being such delightful personalities, will enormously strengthen the Anglo-American golfing *entente cordiale*. All well-wishers of that *entente* owe a great debt to Mr. Hilton, who has shown that he possesses the highest qualifications of a golfing ambassador. Let us hope that all future visitors on either side will imitate the splendid example shown to them by Mr. Evans and Mr. Hilton.

ERNEST LEHMANN

Winter Golf

Whilst to the ardent golfer weather and scenery are mere secondary considerations, there is no gainsaying the fact that, given a good course, favourable weather and picturesque surroundings add considerably to the pleasures of the royal game; hence the popularity during the winter months of the many pleasant places on the South Coast where these conditions generally obtain. Sidmouth and sunshine are synonymous, and a prettier or more congenial spot for a winter holiday or residence it would be difficult to find. Its golf course lies through a beautiful sheltered vale along the lower slopes of Peak Hill. Immediately westward of Sidmouth is another of Glorious Devon's delightful watering-places, Budleigh Salterton, famous for the East Devon course, which has been the scene of many important contests, and attracts large numbers of visitors.

Further particulars of the foregoing, and upwards of one hundred other golf links in the South and West of England, Normandy, Brittany, and the Channel Islands, reached by the London and South Western Railway, can be obtained upon application to Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, London, S.E.

THE "IMPOSSIBLE" ACCOMPLISHED IN

Craven Extra Mild

The Duke of Wellington said nothing was impossible. Mr. Bernhard Baron, Chairman and Managing Director of Carreras, Ltd., agrees with him. So does Mr. J. M. Barrie, the great novelist and playwright.

Mr. Barrie, since he immortalised "Craven Mixture," which he calls "Arcadia," in "My Lady Nicotine," has improved on his books by plays, which for delicacy of literary handling are masterpieces. If Mr. Barrie again had to give an opinion on Craven, Mr. Baron would hand him the "CRAVEN EXTRA MILD." This brand has the delicate, unapproachable flavour, which is a counterpart in tobacco to the subtle beauty of Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan."

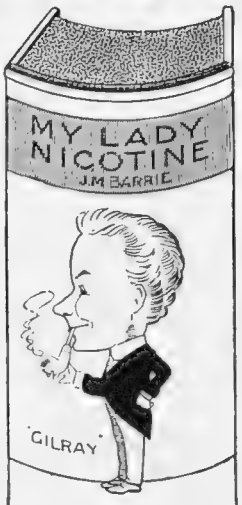
How Mr. Baron has done the impossible and improved on what Mr. Barrie thought the perfection of Tobacco is his own secret. But what the new process of manufacture does may be described. There is in every tobacco, no matter how long it matures, a residue of harshness, which smokers hardly quarrel with because they suppose it must be so. Now Mr. Baron has discovered how to eliminate this crude residue, which even the most mature tobacco has previously always had.

Craven Extra Mild is the result. It is so very mild that tobaccos, cigars, and cigarettes hitherto called "mild" are strong compared with it.

This tobacco will suit any smoker, either a Cigarette smoker or a man who has never been able to smoke a pipe.

CRAVEN EXTRA MILD is specially packed in one ounce tins, 8d., to give every smoker an opportunity to try it at no great expense, and to prove that what Carreras represent is correct. Craven has never before been packed in this size. If anyone, after buying an ounce of the tobacco and smoking a pipe from the same, finds that it is not as represented, he can return the packet to Carreras, Ltd., and they guarantee to refund the purchase money.

CRAVEN EXTRA MILD is packed in 1 oz., 8d; 2 oz., 1/3; ¼ lb., 2/6; ½ lb., 5/-, air-tight tins, or in cartridges in packets, 14 pipefuls, 8d.; 28 pipefuls, 1/3.



"He took perhaps three puffs and then gave me a look of reverence that I know well. It only comes to a man once in all its glory—the first time he tries the Arcadia mixture—but it never altogether leaves him."
(Chap. VII.)

Our world-renowned CRAVEN MILD in cartridges or loose, 2 oz. 1/3.

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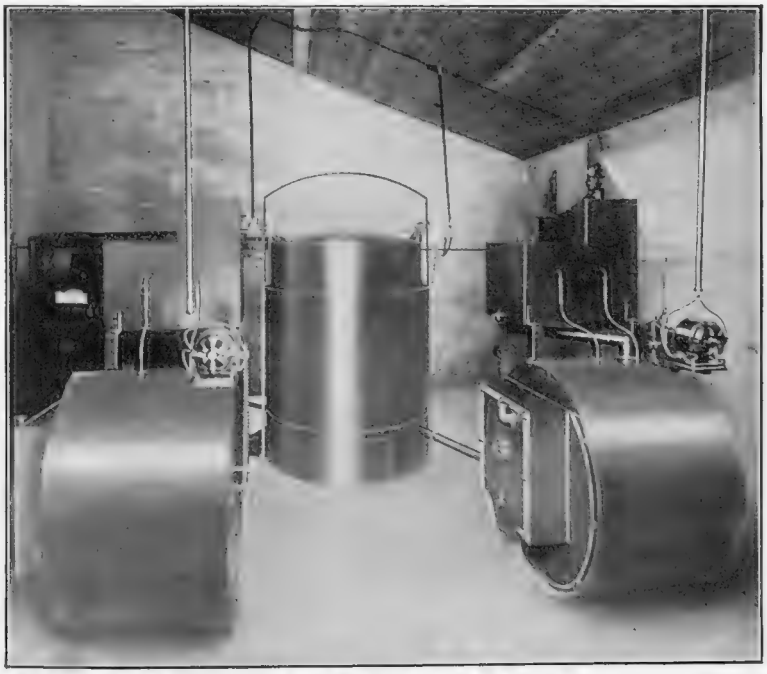

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RACING: The Derby Cup

By CARBINE

Over the Sticks

The interest taken in the various steeplechases at Liverpool last week augurs well for the coming winter season. It is always to be borne in mind that Aintree is not as other courses, and you must not accept the results there as any guide to prospects at such meetings as Sandown and Kempton—drawing-room courses, as old-time 'chasing enthusiasts contemptuously call them. One of the most extraordinary features of the Grand Sefton was the utter failure of Glenside to rise at the first fence. This gallant winner of the Grand National is believed to be at his best just now, yet he made not the slightest attempt to jump the obstacle, blundering right into it. Probably had he got over this jump he would have won the race, and the incident will be remembered as one of the staggering surprises which are inseparable from steeplechasing. Trepida's easy victory in the Liverpool Cup was a triumph for public form, and was fairly clearly foreshadowed in these notes last week, though I felt impelled to give poor old Mustapha another chance. Surely Lord Carnarvon's horse will win one good race before the end of the season. He has the prospect of taking the Markeaton Plate at Derby this week.

The Big Race at Derby

I am not at all surprised to find Graball quoted as favourite for the Derby Cup on Friday, for if this colt is sound and fit he must hold a great chance of carrying off the big prize. It is significant that he is not so well treated for the November Handicap next week as he is at Derby. Indeed, I think the handicappers have treated him quite kindly on this occasion. I shall expect to see Marajax and Coastwise make a good show, and Bronzino is now supposed to be in form, which necessarily makes him dangerous; but, all things considered, I regard **Graball** as a really good thing.

Other Selections

I have already noted the presence of **Mustapha** in the Markeaton Plate on Wednesday, and those who support him each way should again see a return for their money. I look upon the selected of Sam Darling's stable, probably Dandyprat or St. Melruan, as likely to be his most formidable antagonist. The Chesterfield Nursery may be won by the Irish colt, **Far and Wide.** On the following day the Chatsworth Plate may fall to **Lespedesa,** who has a very fine turn of speed just now, and **Equitable** is my selection for the Osmaston Nursery. On the third day at Derby **Dalnaspidal** should win the Friary Nursery. The week's racing concludes at Lingfield Park, where **Carr Bridge** may take the Back End Stayers' Handicap and **Sandrian** the November Nursery. The weights for the big handicap at Manchester are interesting, and give promise of a very open race. This may be Ulster King's turn, but it will be better to wait until after the Derby Cup before expressing a definite opinion regarding the prospects of the last big race of the flat-racing season.

The "Ludgate" Table Service

Superior Crystal, Venetian Wave, with daintily Etched Festoon Border. Complete Service for twelve persons, 87 pieces ... £4 12s. 6d.

Ports and Sherries, 6/6 per doz.; Clarets, 8/6 per doz.; Tumblers, 7/- per doz.; and other pieces in proportion. This is a stock pattern, and any quantity may be had at any time.

A visit to our Spacious Showrooms is cordially invited. If unable to call, write for our Illustrated Leaflets.

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THE MOTOR AS SCAVENGER
New motor-sweepers in Paris at work in the Place de la Concorde

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

The End of the Show

The Show is done, and for that relief, at any rate, many thanks. Strange how it stands at the end of eager expectation for months, and in the realisation lays us flat in a day. Strange, too, how irresistibly it draws the multitude. I am writing this in Olympia, within sight of the happy consummation of closing time, and the place is gorged in the old and still astonishing way with sightseers, students, and buyers in about the proportion of 500 of the first, fifty of the second, and two or less of the third. But, then, this is a popular day; and it's one of the penalties of being on show that you must submit to having your toes crushed, your catalogues annexed, and your stands submerged by anybody who will pay a shilling at the gate—not to mention the deadheads. You must get what consolation is possible from the knowledge that the educational influence of the Show is a highly important matter, and that every one of the tens of thousands of proletarians who heaves himself slowly along in the unending queue, although, apparently, much more concerned with getting into a crowd (being a gregarious animal), or with the band (which sometimes can be heard if your hearing is good and you get into a favourable place), or with the lights and the roof hangings—that every one of these is breathing the atmosphere of the automobile (not to name the floor-dust and the exhalations of his fellows), which will express itself subconsciously presently in an attitude of wider tolerance. And that will kill for good and all the remnant of that parochially minded antagonism still directed against the car.

THE AVIATOR AS A FLYING ACTOR
Mr. Robert Loraine, the aviator, cannot get out of the flying atmosphere even in following the art of the actor. The other day he flew to Brighton on a road flyer (the Prince Henry type of Austrian-Daimler) to appear at a flying matinée of "Man and Superman." The flight was not officially recorded by the Royal Aero Club, but it was entirely successful.

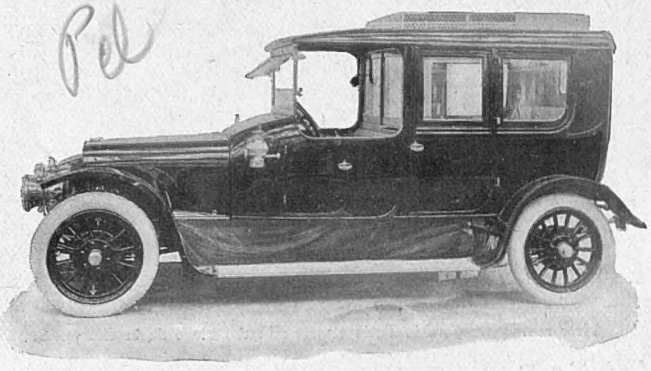
Little Inflictions

You must remember, too, that the student, although he often looks unlikely enough, and gets into the way most successfully, is the hope of the future. From among him the genius of to-morrow will arise with a revolutionary invention, and you (I am addressing the exhibitor for the moment) may have the first offer. And, besides, if there is a proportion of one per thousand of potential purchasers in this mighty crowd, Olympia has surely been as great a business success as it has been a financial success, judged by the takings at the turnstiles. Perhaps the percentage of buyers was higher on the special days, but there was little more room to breathe and hardly a cleaner air to do it on; so that there has been small relief for those of us who were duty-ridden and condemned for a full week to pry into every bolt-hole on a chassis, to finger every part, to turn every wheel, to handle every accessory, and generally to make every stand attendant's life a misery with our questions lest something of importance escaped us. Well, we have had all we need for another year, and if we haven't a show throat, nasal catarrh, and incipient opthalmia, we must account ourselves passing lucky. I hasten to add that the show throat has nothing whatever to

do (as you may have imagined) with the consumption of spirituous liquors, but to the irritation of dust molecules!

A Sleeve-Valve Battle Toward

Early in the week we had the sensation of an action by Mr. Knight, of Silent Knight engine fame, against the Argyll Company on the ground that the Company's new single-sleeve engine was an infringement of the Knight patents, which it is claimed cover all forms of sliding-sleeve engines. The final outcome of that action no man knoweth, because patent law is a most dismally queer thing, and its outworkings as unknown a quantity as X ever was. We can only hope that the dispute will arrive at a perfectly amicable settlement (if such a settlement is conceivable in connection with such a dispute), and that the Argyll engine will be able to work out its own salvation on the market with the same freedom (haply with the same splendid results) that the Knight double-sleeve engine has properly enjoyed. This is a matter of very considerable importance, and I hope to have the opportunity of discussing it at further length later.



THE NEW SINGLE-SLEEVE ARGYLL

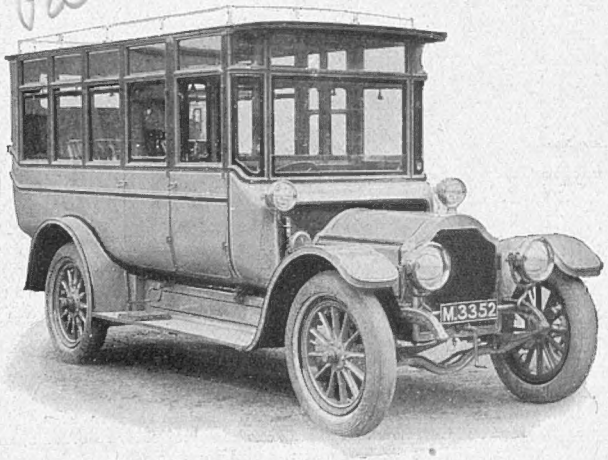
The car that is attracting the attention of the motor world to-day by virtue of its ingenious 25 h.-p. single-sleeve valved power-plant

Small Cars

This and the other matters referred to in these columns in connection with the show apart, our 1911 Olympiad will certainly stand out by virtue of the small British car exhibits of between 10 and 12 h.-p. which it holds. It may be true that in no case is this a direct attempt to compete with the American vehicle, but it *is* an attempt to cater for the motorist of small means, and to the extent to which it is successful (generally speaking) it *will* compete with the American vehicle intended for the same class of motorist. Very beautifully finished little cars they are, too, cars of which the maker and owner alike have cause to be proud; and although they cannot be sold as cheaply as the cheapest Americans, and although their nominal power is considerably lower, they make, to the man whose outside limit is £300, and who would prefer to spend as much under that sum as possible, a very attractive "all-red" proposition which he would do exceeding well to ponder.

The Progress of a Revolution

So the revolution proceeds, indicating that we are still far from that constant form of vehicle which, *pace* the pundits, we are supposed to have reached. There is no end to evolution, and the next ten years may quite easily see much vaster changes than the past ten years have wrought. There is no part of a car that we can say with any certainty will remain unchanged for three years. Given road development to warrant it and a broadening of car track alone may result in an entirely new form of vehicle. For the present Olympia has held sufficient to make of 1911 a landmark in automobile evolution, and to confute those who suggest that we have attained finality in any single respect. We have, without doubt, to consider generally a more efficient car, a more refined car, a cheaper car (price for actual, as distinguished from nominal, power), and a more comfortable car than ever before. We have, in brief, to acknowledge that to-day the automobile formulates a stronger case against all other forms of transport than was possible aforetime; a far stronger case than the most optimistic partisan imagined would be possible five years ago; and presents itself to even the dullest eye as the only mode of road conveyance equal to the requirements of the future.



ONE OF THE SIGHTS OUTSIDE OLYMPIA

A huge saloon-bodied vehicle seating thirteen, used to demonstrate the strength and efficiency of the Marshall Tyre Jackets with which its tyres are fitted

A Heavenly Twin

The little twin Rileys have a good deal of the charm of Molly of that ilk, without any of her waywardness. The same two models (10 and 12-18 h.-p.) are persisted in with the best of reasons, and can be relied upon, with their minor improvements, to maintain the high repute to which they have already brought their makers. The cylinders in these little vehicles are set V-wise at 90 degrees, and have the quality of silent running to a marked degree. The change-speed device ensures a delightfully easy change, and is in itself a notable refinement. You can get a Riley two-seater complete for 220 guineas, including the Riley detachable wire wheels.

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